THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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THE IRISH HARP

Sang Out Its Sweetest Notes at Central Music Hall on the Evening of May 27.

The 113th Anniversary of the Birth of Thomas Moore Enthusiastically Celebrated in Song and Story.

Addresses by the Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan and John F Finerty.

A Splendid Musical Programme.

The Audience.

The 113th anniversary of the birth of Ireland's greatest minstrel, Thomas Moore, was celebrated with eclat at Central Music hall, in this city, Friday evening of last week. Never did a more picturesque, and, at the same time, intellectual and representative gathering of the Irish-Americans of Chicago assemble within the walls of that favorite place of muster. Fully half of the audience was composed of ladies, whose brilliant costumes and flashing jewels, as well as striking beauty, lent lustre to the scene. Every seat was filled, and many were compelled to stand during the whole time in which the lengthy, but very attractive, programme was given.

The American and Irish colors decorated the arch above the platform, and the platform itself was filled with chairs for the accommodation of the Most Rev. chairman, the clergy and the committee of arrangements. The fact that Archbishop Feehan had consented to preside had a great effect in bringing out the magnificent audience, as the patriotic sentiments of his Grace, intense but undemonstrative, are well known to the Irish-Americans of Chicago and the country at large. His appearance on the stage, attended by the priests and the committee, at 8:15 o'clock, was the occasion of an enthusiastic and prolonged outburst of cheering, which the archbishop gracefully acknowledged. Among the clergy who had seats on the platform, or in the audience, were noticed: The Very Rev. Vicar General Dowling, Rev. Hugh McGuire, Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, Rev. P J. Muldoon, Rev. M. J. Fitzsimons, Rev. F. N. Perry, Rev. P. A McLaughlin, Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, Rev James M. Hagan, Rev. D. A. Tighe, Rev. J. M. Greene, Rev. P. J. O'Dea, of Peoria, secretary to Right Rev J L. Spalding; Rev M. C. O'Connor, Peoria; Rev J M. Cartan, Rev. P. M. Flannigan, Rev. Father Scanlan, Rev. J. T. Callaghan, Rev. Father O'Mahony, Piper City, Ill.; Rev. J. C McCormick, Rev. J. J. Darcy, Rev. E. A. Kelly, Rev. J. P. O'Reilly, Rev. P. D. Gill, Rev. W. S. Hennessy, Rev. D. Hishen, Rev. M O'Brien, Rev. Father Croke, Rev Timothy O'Sullivan, Cummings; Rev D E McGrath, Rev. Dominick Egan, Rev. J. Gillan, Rev. E O'Reilly, Rev. P. A Sullivan, Rev. P J. McDonnell, Rev. M. O'Sullivan, Rev J J. Dennison, Rev. J. J Jennings, Rev. P. Byrne, Rev. T. A. Kearns and many others.

The members of the committee of arrangements on the platform were Mr. B. Curtis, chairman; Major W. C McClure, secretary; P. McHugh, vice-chairman; Capt. Patrick O'Connor, James J. Egan, F. D. Kinsella and G. B. Hennessy.

Among those either occupying boxes or in the main auditorium, were noticed the Hon. P. T. Barry and family, Mr and Mrs. Alexander Sullivan, Judge Scales, John C. Schubert and family, Lawrence P. Boyle, N. D. Laughlin, the Hon. Marcus Kavanagh, S. H. Kerfoot, Daniel J. Gallery and family; Dennis O'Connor and family; Mr. and Mrs. Martin Hayes, the Misses Hayes; Daniel Corkery and family; the Hon. M. Mc Inerney and family; Martin Mulcahy and family; Mrs. B. Curtis, Miss Kittie Curtis, Mrs. Capt. O'Connor and family; Patrick O'Brien and family; Mr. and Mrs. Guy Magee, Capt. and Mrs. Shea, John Naghten, William Weadley and family; Mr. and Mrs. John McKenough, M. H. O'Brien, William Fogarty, Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Kerwin, W. J. Quan, Mr. and Mrs. John J. Fitzgibbon, M. C. Sloan, Mr. and Mrs. R C. Cannon, Mrs. Croke, Mr. and Mrs. John M. Smyth, Thomas Smyth, P. G. Smyth, Mr. and Mrs. John M. Carroll, John J. Cannon, P. H. Heffron, James C. Strain, Miss Strain, Mr. and Mrs. William Hogan, P Cavanagh, Capt. P. H. Coney of Topeka, Kan., William Gavin, Capt. Thos. Keenan, Capt. William Buckley, Mrs. Hennessy, Miss Hennessy, Mrs. Ruerc, Mrs. Finerty, Mr. and Mrs. James McInerney, Thomas H. Prendergast, R. W. Wolfe, John Wolfe, Mr. and Mrs. Richard O.Neill, M. D. O'Brien, William Sullivan, William Horgan, Thomas F. Hunt, P. O'Beirne, T. H. Cannon, Hugh K. Jordan, J J Dowling, Daniel O'Connor, Andrew G. Duggan, J. C. Quinn, H. Gleason, Hon. Arthur Dixon and hundreds of others

Mr. P. McHugh opened the proceedings at 8:30 o'clock by introducing the archbishop to preside, in a few well chosen sentences.

When his Grace rose to deliver the address, there was loud and prolonged cheering. His voice, although low toned, is penetrating, and he was heard distinctly in every part of the hall. Every point he made was cheered to the echo, and more especially the passage in which he advised the audience to teach their children the sweet music of Ireland. Archbishop Feehan spoke substantially as follows:

The Archbishop's Address.

We are assembled tonight upon a most interesting occasion. We are here to commemorate the memory of the great Irish poet, Thomas Moore. There are two great gifts that have always peculiar charms for men wherever found. These are eloquence and poetry, and both of them belong in a remarkable degree to the Celtic race. Before Greece got her literature or Moses led the Israelites out of Egypt, Ireland had a written language and laws and civilization. When music and poetry and eloquence were scarce the world over these arts were cultivated in the schools that flourished in those early days by the Celtic race. But there came a time when a strange form, a hostile hand entered in and crushed out the liberty and the freedom of thought that then existed, and poetry languished and died. For ages Ireland was not able to produce any great genius, for genius, instead of being nurtured, was crushed and cramped by tyrannical laws and misgovernment. The fire of poetry, however, was not extinct, and, overcoming all their obstacles, some of Ireland's sons had to seek in other lands the recognition that was denied them in their own.

You are all familiar with the poetry of Thomas Moore. He was still quite a young man when he wrote that poem of such wondrous beauty called "Lalla Rookh," which is an Eastern tale, clothed in the most gorgeous coloring. Although Moore himself never was in the land he described, his fertile imagination adorned the story in the finest garb of Eastern imagery. He traversed into all the fairest fields and gardens and plucked the choicest flowers. He gathered all the gems that would lend grace and brilliancy to his picture, and the poem is still the wonder of those who read it for everything that a brilliant fancy can produce. But it was as a song writer that Moore chiefly excelled, and his lyric poetry has been the wonder and delight of thousands in every part of the world. Impartial critics place him in this respect on a level with Tasso and some of the other poets of Greece. Byron was captivated with the beauty, harmony and sweetness of his music.

While still a young man he had to seek his fortune in a more favored land, but he never forgot his native land in his aspirations. (Applause.) In that beautiful song, "Go Where Glory Waits Thee," he shows us how he thinks of his native land:

Go where glory waits thee,
But while fame elates thee,
Oh still remember me!

Freedom is necessary for the development of genius, and we know not what Moore would have been had his circumstances been more favorable. How he felt for Ireland and longed for her deliverance we can see in everything he wrote. He seemed to hear the clank of the chains on the limbs of his brethren, even when he was receiving the smiles and homage of those who oppressed them. He felt as an Irishman for the country which gave him birth, and he used his great gifts for her benefit. He remembered that education in Ireland had been made a crime by her oppressors, and that, after that long, black night of ignorance and tyranny was finally lifted, the original genius of the land reappeared in her poets, her orators and her singers, who educated the national mind, and cheered the national heart. Who that has read Moore's poetry can ever forget the richness, the melody, the harmony, the swelling cadences to be found in every line and note? All breathes intense love of Ireland. And did he not utter a prophecy of her deliverance, which may yet come true, in that verse beginning:

The nations are fallen, but thou still art young,
Thy sun is but rising when others have set,
And tho' slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath hung,
The full noon of freedom shall beam round thee yet!

(Prolonged applause.)

The archbishop then dealt eloquently with the characteristics of Irish music, and, in concluding, said:

While we seek to perpetuate the memory of a great man, let us not forget to treasure the rich heritage he left us. Music is a pure and an elevating and a holy agency. Surely there is no music so sweet or so harmonious as our own Celtic songs. Tonight we shall hear the songs of Moore, songs we learned in that other dear old land, whose mountains and valleys, rivers and ruins, history and hopes are ever before our vision. (Great applause.) Her soft breezes, in fancy fan our brows, and the murmur of her crystal streams is in our ears, even as it was in the days of our youth. (Applause.) Moore's glorious melodies will bring everything back more vividly to our minds. We heard our mothers sing them. We "learned to repeat them from lips that are cold, and caught them upheaving from hearts that are dust." They belong to Ireland, to her genius, and are racy of her soil. Will you not keep green the memory of Ireland's bard by singing these songs yourselves, and teaching them to your children who will come after you? In this way you will preserve the spirit and genius of the men who, like Moore, triumphed over their opponents, and won even the esteem of their enemies by their unconquerable love. How truly did Moore show his love for the land that bore him, when, addressing her in the midst of her greatest sorrows, he said:

Wert thou all I could wish thee, great, glorious and free,
First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea!
I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow,
But, oh, could I love thee more deeply than now?
No, thy chains, as they rankle thy blood as it runs,
But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons,
Whose hearts, like the young of the desert bird's nest,
Draw life from each blood-drop that flows from thy breast!

(Enthusiastic applause amid which the Most Rev. prelate resumed his seat.)

ARCHBISHOP FEEHAN

THOMAS MOORE

The Musical Programme.

The quartette, consisting of Miss Marcella Reilly, Miss Alice Coffey, Mr. William Barron and Mr. George Callaghan, gave "The Minstrel Boy" in a spirited manner, and received hearty applause. Mrs Clara Murray, the famous harpist, played "The Last Rose of Summer" on the harp and aroused great enthusiasm. She gracefully responded to an encore.

Mr. Callaghan's "Let Erin Remember the Days of Old," won many plaudits, and when Miss Marcella Reilly, in her grand soprano, rendered "The Harp that Once," the audience cheered and applauded until she came out again, and did half of it over.

Mr. William Barron's "Believe Me if all those Endearing Young Charms," was much admired, and he was called back with great vigor, but contented himself by bowing his acknowledgments.

Miss Alice Coffey's sweet contralto was in harmony with her selection, "The Meeting of the Waters." She was accompanied by Mr. Middleschulte on the piano, and by another artist on the violin. She was most heartily applauded.

Mr. Finerty's Address.

The archbishop then introduced Mr. John F Finerty in complimentary terms:

Mr. Finerty, who was very cordially greeted said, in effect, that a great honor devolved upon him, and he felt great pride, before such an audience, in speaking on "The Poets and Poetry of Ireland." The subject was a large one, capable of any amount of expansion, but as they had met to honor the memory of Moore he would deal chiefly with the career of that great poet. No gifted man that Ireland had produced was so misunderstood, misjudged and misrepresented as Thomas Moore. Born a year or two before the independence won for the Irish parliament by the illustrious Henry Grattan (applause) born of humble parents, and amid humble surroundings; his father forced by necessity to become a servant of the Crown; his mother more of an affectionate matron and careful parent than of a patriot, yet Moore, inheriting the gallant blood of the O'Moores of Leix, who had so often proved their prowess on the foreign invader, from the waters of the Nore to the mountains of Wicklow, showed himself in his early youth a worthy descendant of warlike and patriotic sires. He was one of the first of the young Catholics of Ireland who took advantage of the partial repeal of the penal code by the Irish Protestant parliament in 1793, which enabled persons of the former persuasion to enter Trinity College, Dublin, an institution not then tainted, any more than it is now, for the spirit of Irish patriotism.

In the Debating School of that institution, Moore had only one rival in patriotic eloquence, and that was his friend and associate, the man whose name would never die on the lips or in the hearts of Irishmen to the latest stroke of time, the gallant, the noble and beloved young martyr to Irish right, Robert Emmet. (Prolonged cheering) He stood beside Emmet during those debates like a true-hearted Irishman, as he was, and only his extreme youth saved him from expulsion when his fated friend was expelled from Trinity College in 1798 Subjected to inquisitorial ordeal, under the glance of the terrible chancellor, John Fitzgibbon, Lord Clare, whose frown was the shadow of the gallows itself, his courage or his faith did not desert the resolute and honorable youth. In reply to the chancellor's threats he said, "My lord Clare, I am not afraid to criminate myself by anything I may have said or done, but I regard with the utmost scorn and contempt any person who, under any circumstances, would betray his associates." (Great applause) Lord Clare, with all his faults, respected true grit, and, from that time, Moore was not troubled by royal commissioners.

The period following 1798 was not a favorable one in which to encourage a spirit of aggressive patriotism. Although the Irish people in Wicklow, Wexford and Kildare, and in the Protestant counties of Down and Antrim, had fought most gallantly against great odds, and had upheld the martial renown of their country, the spy, the informer and the government seducer were abroad in Dublin, fluttering to and fro between the Castle and the persecuted people, just as they were today; and the influence of the poet's careful mother, as is related in his life, had the power to keep him out of political complications, although his sentiments never underwent a change from the time that he debated in comradeship with Emmet until, in feeble old age, he was laid quietly to rest in Brompton churchyard on English soil. In fact, after the surrender of Humbert and Bompart, there was no chance to display military patriotism in Ireland until Robert Emmet rose and fell in 1803. At that period Moore was not a resident of Ireland, and, consequently, had no knowledge whatever of his friend's gallant but desperate attempt to undo the Union, but he has left the grandest monument to the martyr's memory in the beautiful melody, "Oh, breathe not his name," and in that which commemorates the love of Sarah Curran, "She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps."

Mr. Finerty then touched lightly on Moore's Bermuda and American experiences, and said that, when he undertook the writing of the immortal melodies, the harp of Ireland was hanging amid the dust and cobwebs of ages, its sweet strains lingering in the traditions of the Irish people, sung at their social gatherings, in Gaelic tongue, or crooned by fond and fearful mothers over the cradles of their children. Moore, in his own sweet words, brought it forth to the light, proudly unbound it, and gave all its notes to "love, freedom, and song." (Prolonged applause.)

Ireland had no means at her disposal, seeing that she was robbed by a foreign power, to compensate such genius as was his, and he was therefore, compelled to accept the attentions of both the British and the Irish aristocracy, particularly the latter, who, to their credit be it recorded, were always his steadfast friends. But the innate manliness and a length of patriotic feeling in Moore is made manifest by the fact, that notwithstanding the obligations under which he lay to Lord Moira and others; notwithstanding the fact that one of his works was dedicated to the Regent; notwithstanding his constant association with the blue blood of the three kingdoms; not the sense of personal obligation, not the fascinations of the then Prince of Wales, not even the bland seductions of the beautiful dames of the brilliant English court could wean Moore away from his love for Ireland, (great applause) and never, in any company, either in verse or in prose, in verbal utterance, or in print or in manuscript did he utter a single sentiment to make him unworthy of the friendship, the esteem and the comradeship of Emmet. (Prolonged cheering) It is true that he wrote flattering verses of both the Prince Regent and the Duke of Wellington, but it was in the interests of the great cause of Catholic Emancipation, for which the mighty tribune, Daniel O'Connell, was then battling, and not from any craven or flunkey spirit, and even in "The Prince's Day," and "Wellington's Name," are to be found expressions of true patriotism, which to a mind less gifted and a heart less true would have been impossible in such a connection.

While radical patriotism was among the greatest of human virtues, and while the condemnation of political weakness or

JOHN F. FINERTY

patriotic plasticity was to be applauded, still human charity should mingle with and modify its harshness. Moore had been judged harshly more or less by the extreme left among the Irish Nationalists, to which he (Mr. Finerty) had the honor to belong himself. (Loud and protracted cheering.) But the man who wrote, "Oh, Blame not the Bard," deserved to be forgiven, and he believed was forgiven, by his generous and gallant countrymen. (Great applause)

Mr. Finerty then quoted from "Blame Not the Bard" and proceeded to say that Daniel O'Connell, in his struggle for emancipation, reposed on Richard Lalor Shiel as his oratorical, and on Moore as his poetical ally. In all his great speeches he quoted Moore liberally, and the speaker gave an anecdote relative to a poetical encounter between O'Connell and Sir Edward Sugden, which elicited much laughter. In continuing he said that the songs of Moore touched every chord of not alone Irish nature, but of all human nature. They inspired the wanderer in the wilderness, the sailor upon the perilous deep, the soldier fronting the lines and the fire of death, the clergyman braving, in his sacred calling, the breath of pestilence and the blast of battle; in them the dead lived again, the sage, the saint and the hero appeared as in the days when the wise, the holy and the brave made Ireland an exemplar to Christendom. (Applause.) There must have been something godlike in the genius of Moore when, breasting an ocean of prejudice, he rose triumphantly above its waves, and, striking the boldest notes of his native harp, brought home to savage England the knowledge that she was trampling on the liberties of an ancient, a gallant and a Christian people. (Loud applause.)

Ireland had produced many poets before and after Thomas Moore, but no poet she ever produced, or could produce, sent the tones of her harp so far into the world. The music of Germany was majestic, that of Italy ravishing, that of France gay and martial, and none would deny to bonnie Scotland the melting charm of her lyrics, as particularly displayed in the songs of Burns; but the lyrics of Ireland, interpreted by the master mind of Moore, epitomized her history, told of her sorrows, her wrongs, her aspirations and her hopes. (Applause) In Germany, when the composer Flotow brought out his opera of "Martha," which contains the "Last Rose of Summer," the audience went wild with enthusiasm and called vociferously for the author. It was needless to say that Thomas Moore was not present, but Flotow accepted the homage. Yet, although Moore was the author of the endearing words, he was not the author of the melody any more than Flotow. That air had rang amid the groves of Blarney for a thousand years before the Irish poet or the German composer was born. (Great applause.) Nor did the appropriation of Irish music by other lands end with "Martha." Many American hymns were indebted for their allurement to the melodies of Ireland resuscitated by Moore. Their Scotch friends laid claim to the beautiful "Eileen Aroon," composed by O'Daly centuries ago, nor did their claims stop short at that. But it really made no difference. The Scotch, at best, were merely an Irish colony on the island of Britain. All that is good in them, including their music, came from Ireland (cheers); all that was not good in them came from somewhere else. (Applause and laughter.) He could not say whether the American air "Tramp, tramp," was originally Irish, but, at all events, the Irish had adopted it, and had set to it their latest most powerful rebel song "God Save Ireland!" (Prolonged applause)

This led the speaker to remark on the Decoration Day services which, he said, were holy and wholesome observations, and, in point of military achievement, according to Col. George Kilmer of New York, who placed the Irish 69th highest in the roll of 300 regiments from that State in the percentage of killed and fifth highest on the roll of the whole Union army, no American element had a better, a nobler right, to place flowers on the graves of the gallant dead than the Irish. (Loud cheers) In some quarters, he regretted to have to say, there was jealousy of the Irish. He did not know why people should be jealous of them, unless it was because they were so healthy. (Cheers and laughter.) They very look of them would put a doctor in despair. (Renewed cheers and laughter.) Yet, after all, they were the best Americans in the whole "outfit." (Applause.) In fact they were with the republic from the first, and would be to the close, no matter what foes might assail it. (Great applause) It was almost an impossibility to tell where the American began and the Irishman left off If, however, loving Ireland and liberty was considered a crime they could not help it. The Irish held their own in every walk of life in this country, and would continue to hold it. (Cheers.) In the words of Mr. Gladstone, when speaking on the Home Rule bill, they still "hold the field." (Applause.) Their enemies in America were chiefly victims of chronic dyspepsia. (Laughter)

The genius of Young Ireland had been fired by the harp of Moore, and that brilliant band had given to their country, in song, in speech and in story, intellectual food that would never be exhausted; yet some of them had forsworn the doctrines of their youth and had turned their backs upon the principles of which they were once the vehement advocates, but no such charge could be brought against Thomas Moore. He was faithful to the last, as

The sunflower turns on her god when he sets
The same look that she turned when he rose.

(Applause)

In concluding, Mr. Finerty paid a tribute to the patriotism of the Irish race, and alluded proudly to its antiquity. Snobs and fools had sneered at them as descendants of Irish kings. Well, supposing they were? (Laughter.) Was there anything disgraceful in that? The Irish kings and chiefs reigned by the free will of their people, and every clansman was kinsman to his tribal head. There was no slavery about that, and, for his part, he would much rather claim descent from the Os and Macs than from the Snodgrasses and Hotchkisses. (Applause and laughter.) They should be proud of their old Irish names, and of their language, their literature, and, as their Most Rev. chairman had said, above all their matchless music. (Applause.) They should be grateful to their great poet for all that he had done for their melody, its preservation and extension, and, they should remember that the noblest English friend of human freedom and of Irish independence who ever lived or died, Lord Byron (loud applause) had placed the seal of his approval on the patriotism of the Irish bard, In lashing the Irish flunkeys of Dublin for their slavish reception of George IV., in 1821, he said:

Shout, drink, feast and flatter, Oh Erin,
How low wert thou sunk by misfortune and misery till
This worship of tyrants hath sunk thee below
The depths of thy deep in a deeper gulf still!

My voice, tho' but humble, was raised for thy right;
My vote, as a free man, still voted thee free;
This hand, tho' but feeble, would have armed in thy fight,
And this heart, tho' outworn, had a throb still for thee!

* * * * * * *

But if aught in my bosom can quench for an hour,
My contempt for a nation so servile tho' sore,
Which, tho' trod like the worm, will not turn upon power,
'Tis the glory of Grattan, the genius of Moore!

(Prolonged and vehement cheering.)

Conclusion.

The concluding numbers were a fantasia on Moore's melodies by Mr. William Middleschulte, who showed true artistic power in his rendition; Boucicault's "Wearing of the Green" by Miss Kate Coffey, who possesses a beautiful contralto voice, and who responded to an enthusiastic encore by giving a difficult operatic selection, to which she did full justice: "Dawn on the Irish Coast," a charming recitation, which fully displayed the elocutionary power of Mrs. Anna Dolin Spence, and "Erin the Tear and the Smile," by the quartette.

Major W. C. McClure, as representing the Irish National element among the Presbyterians of Ulster, moved the thanks of the audience to Archbishop Feehan for presiding. The vote was put and carried enthusiastically and unanimously, and the proceedings terminated.

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Edward O'Brien, who was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude in connection with the Phœnix Park murders, and had just served eight years, died week before last in jail. He leaves a wife and family.

THE BRITISH LIBRARY

UNDER THE WHITE COCKADE.

A Tale of the Penal Days and of the Irish Brigade in the Service of France.

Irish Heroism Which Reached a Climax on the Glorious Field of Fontenoy.

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER XIV.

"The wild geese—the wild geese—'tis long since they flew
O'er the billowy ocean's bright bosom of blue:
For the foot of the false-hearted stranger had curst
The shores on whose fond breast they'd nestled at first:
And they sought them a home afar o'er the sea,
Where their pinions, at least, might be chainless and free."

"Well, boys, are we all here?" inquired Lally of a group of men who stood around him in a small glade on the borders of the demesne of Deel Castle.

The band of recruits for the Brigade numbered about a score—all stalwart and athletic young fellows, brimful of native mettle and *elan*, splendid makings of soldiers; and the France-Celt's experienced eye brightened with satisfaction as he surveyed them.

"All here but one, Captain—and here he comes," responded Murty McAndrew, pointing to a figure coming towards them across the snowy fields.

"Welcome, Miler; you are in good time," said Lally, addressing the Rapparee chief as he come up. "And now, boys, let us be on the road at once, for the schooner is waiting for us off Dunbrista. I suppose," he inquired, "that you have all taken leave of your friends—that there is nothing to delay us?"

"Nothing, Captain; we are all ready," replied several.

"Let me see"—and he counted the number. "Ah, *bon!* excellent! Twenty-two Wild Geese to be entered on the books of the good bark Granuwail. Come on, my gallant fellows. Farewell to the old place, and ho for the new land—for France and King Louis!"

"God be with the old place!" exclaimed Murty, raising his hat.

"Amen—God be with it!" echoed many a voice full of hearty Celtic emotion, and there were sad, earnest, and pensive faces among the band as many an eye looked its last upon Lough Conn.

"Farewell to the green banks of Lough Conn—farewell to the pleasant hills and dales of Tirawley—*slan leat* to the old friends—*slan leat* to the sweet girls we leave behind us! As Cathal the Red-handed said, '*Slan leat a chorrain; agus do chroidhir* (farewell to the sickle; now for the sword). Now for the salt sea and the foreign battlefield—now for the musket and bayonet and the White Cockade!"

The speaker, a tall and strapping young peasant, swung his stick and bundle over his shoulder, braced up his fine physique, and marched gaily onwards, humming the "White Cockade." Nearly all his comrades joined in the air as they turned their backs on the place of their birth, and the entire party set out at a sturdy pace, turning their faces towards the Northwest.

But there were two very heavy hearts in that band of Wild Geese, hearts whose owners were but ill inclined to join in the blithe air, though they somehow managed to keep up to the stirring pace it measured, their dreary, listless footsteps crunching heavily in the snow.

His mother's tragic end had had a sore effect on Fergus O'Ronan, as was evidenced by his pallid features and his dull, dispirited manner. Deep and poignant had been his sorrow over his parent's bier and over her lonely grave, and that very morning his heart had overflowed with grief on shaking the worn hand of Donal Murray, and bidding farewell to the poor, devoted old friend whom he was never again to see in this world.

But even he, in his misery, could scarce suppress his amazement at the fearful change which grief had effected in the countenance of Miler-na-Glanna. The swarthy, healthful glow had flown from the face of the Rapparee; his cheeks were wan and sunken, their bones standing gauntly out as those of a man suffering from starvation, and there were ghastly purplish circles around his bloodshot eyes. So lean and wretched and cadaverous he looked, so utterly heart-smitten with anguish, that every member of the party could not help looking on him with a pitying heart.

None ventured a word of sympathy or consolation; they knew the nature of the man too well for that.

But Lally acted otherwise with our hero.

"Cheer up, my boy," he whispered, as he found himself walking beside Fergus. "Trust me you are leaving all your woe and sorrow behind you. Be brave and resolute, *garcon*; keep up your heart and act *sans peur et reproche*, and be sure there is a bright future awaiting you across the sea. By the way," added he, "I must not forget to deliver you a small message with which I was charged at Rappa."

He smiled at the eagerness with which Fergus received a tiny, sealed parcel from his hands. Falling to the rear to examine its contents, the latter discovered that it contained nothing but a small plait of brown hair tied with a piece of ribbon. A wondrous and magical effect that simple object seemed to make on his heart, for shortly after placing it in his bosom he was marching along almost as blithely as the most rollicking of the band, while the bracing wind over the whitened hills had brought forth a right ruddy glow upon his cheeks.

It was New Years eve—nigh a week after the body of the Widow O'Ronan had been laid beside that of her husband in the quiet hill cemetery of Ardagh, after that of poor Aileen Crean had been restored to her grave with the lonely walls of Errey. It was a fine, bracing day, despite the Tirawlian weather proverb:

"There will not be a fair day in Eirinn
While there's a white cap on Nephin."

Old Nephin, indeed, stood forth a hoary giant in his garment of glittering white, and the entire landscape lay like a virgin page on the Book of Nature, save where it was furrowed with dark-looking streams or sombred with sketches of woodland. But the sun shot his level beams brightly and warmly on the wan earth, and the sky was a bright, clear blue, here and there flecked with huge masses of cloud, air and fleecy as the *cumuli* of a summer's day.

"See how the weather favors us," said Lally jubilantly. "Nature plainly bids us bon voyage. What a pleasant passage we shall have if such a man as this dances on our white sails when we are bounding over the billows on our way to France!"

They now crossed the borders of Bredach, the ancient territory of the "Clann Fergus of brown weapons." Before them extended the district of Moygowns ("the plain of the calves") with the river Davowen rushing through the valley. On the further bank of the stream lay the solitary tree-shaded burial-ground where once had stood the church of the virgin St. Daria.

Here their attention was attracted by a crowd of people outside the door of a barn, and, on questioning a woman who was hastening to the spot, they learned that mass was about to be celebrated at the place.

"Let us wait to hear it, Captain," said Fergus; "very likely it will be the last mass that some of us will ever hear in poor old Ireland."

Several of the others eagerly echoed the proposition, to which Lally at once acceded, and the party proceeded to the barn.

They entered just as the officiating priest had donned his vestments and commenced his prayers at the foot of a simple altar at one end of the apartment. He was Father Manus O Dowd.

As Fergus knelt down with his companions his mind reverted for the thousandth time to the fatal midnight mass at Addragoole, and the whole afflicting scene rose again before him—the deserted altar, the dead soggarth, the shouts and shots of the merciless priest-hunters, and the heart rending tragedy in the boat.

Turning at the Gospel to address his congregation, Father Manus noticed the group of intended Wild Geese. Being cognizant of their purpose, he addressed them in a few earnest, touching words of advice and exortation, and requested the prayers of the people for their welfare. Then he gave them his blessing in words of fervor and pathos, not an iota of which was lost upon the moved hearts of the departing exiles.

But scarce was the Holy Sacrifice completed when there was a prodigious bustle among the people, a loud clamor of startled voices.

Another alarm! Fergus was not much surprised—he had almost expected it, for he fancied he was again kneeling on the snowy sward of Addragoole.

"Run, run, your reverence—Cunwore and the redcoats are coming up the boreen!"

Wherefore shall he run?" demanded a stern, defiant voice, as Miler Barrett cast an almost contemptuous glance on the circle of affrighted faces. "Wherefore shall he run like a hare before the hounds? Are there not stout hearts and strong arms here to protect him?"

"There are so!" exclaimed Murty McAndrew, stepping forward; "we shall die at his feet before they dare lay a finger on him!"

"Peace, rash boy," said the priest; "and you, desperate man—would you convert this humble house, just sanctified by the presence of the meek Redeemer, into a theatre of bloodshed? Desist, sir, I command you—sacrifice not the lives of the innocent people around you—let no more rest on your ruthless hand."

"But you must escape, Father Manus—you must not fall into the hands of these wretches."

"Patience, Fergus; I fear escape is impossible—it is too late."

"No!" thundered the Rapparee with an oath similar to that blotted out by the Recording Angel of Sterne. "Here, father, quick!"

Snatching her large blue cloak from one of the women he threw it around the priest and drew the hood over his head. Then he thrust him towards the open door.

"Now fly and save yourself, father," he said—"aye, fly the whole of you, and leave the rest to me."

As the priest passed through the door and the people began to disperse, the outlaw seized the clerical chasuble from the trembling hands of the clerk and threw it over his broad shoulders. Then he placed the soggarth's biretta on his head.

"Stop, Miler-na-Glanna!" exclaimed an old man sternly; "the clothing of the lamb is not for the blood-stained wolf."

"Faugh—out of the way, dotard!"—and the Rapparee dashed forth at full speed through the door.

Scarcely had he passed the threshold when there was a loud and exultant shout from the advancing priest-hunters, who were now but a few perches distant. High above all the other voices rang the deep, brutal tones of Wat Ormsby.

"Ha, there goes the fox! Tally-ho, boys! After him and we'll run him down in a jiffy!"

The Rapparee's ruse was now fully apparent to the scattered congregation, who paused in knots on the surrounding hills to witness the exciting chase which ensued. All heedless of the dispersing throng, the entire band of priest-hunters, numbering nigh a score, dashed off on the track of their supposed quarry. On they sped like a "field" of fox-hunters, their scarlet uniforms showing out bright and vivid against the snow. On they went, leaping ditches and dykes and stumbling among snowy ridges, encouraging each other onwards with hilarious shouts and ribald jests, while now and then they shouted a hoarse admonition to the "mass-monger" to stop. Wat Ormsby, in his brown coat and top-boots, took and kept the lead; he was burning and determined to capture the fugitive, and his ardor enabled him to keep ahead of the soldiers, who were laden with their heavy muskets.

Encumbered though he was with the sacerdotal garment, the fugitive made rapid progress, and even increased the distance between him and his pursuers, when suddenly he reached the bank of the Duvowen, and then a murmur of excitement arose from the spectators on the hills. The daring Rapparee, they believed, was at length driven to bay!

But no—almost doubling on his pursuers he rushed off along the bank of the stream.

"He will escape them yet—he is making for the Clochan-na-n'all!" exclaimed several whose strained gaze was fixed on his movements; and many were the hearty prayers breathed for his escape.

In any other season of the year the Duvowen might be readily forded, but now, swollen by the melting snow, it was a fierce and foaming torrent, rushing along in impetuous and powerful wrath.

One means of effecting a passage was left the Rapparee, and this under the circumstances was a very dangerous and precarious one.

This was the Clochan-na-n'all—*i.e.* the "Blind Men's Stepping-stones."

A very grim memory of the past was connected with this old *clochan* across the Duvowen, a memory of the days when Miler na Glanna's family was supreme in Tirawley. The district was inhabited by the Lynotts, an inferior tribe of the Welshmen, to whom at one time the powerful Clan Wattin—as the Barretts were called—sent their steward for taxes. The steward, a lame libertine, was killed by the Lynotts, who threw his body into a well, upon which the Clan Wattin attacked and subdued them, and then gave them a barbarous choice of two evils, the loss of their sight or the destruction of their posterity. The unhappy Lynotts chose the former one, and their ruthless West British brethren thrust needles into their eyes, and, as a test of their handiwork, drove them one by one across these stepping-stones: every man who crossed without stumbling into the river being taken back to have his eyes repierced with the cruel needles!—

"O'er the slippery stepping-stones of
Clochan-na-n'all
They drove them, laughing loud at every
fall,
As their wandering footsteps dark
Failed to reach the slippery mark,
And the swift stream swallowed stark
One and all
As they stumbled—
Sing the vengeance of the Welshmen of
Tirawley."

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK]

"THE IRISH BRIGADE."

BY C. G. DOWLING.

The battle of Fredericksburg, Va., was fought Dec. 13, 1862. The Union forces were commanded by Major Gen. Burnside and the Confederates by Gen. Robert E. Lee.

In eighteen hundred and sixty-two—war's
varying tide—
When our forces led by brave Burnside,
The Confederate army, extended far and
wide,
Our Union tried to sever.
The rebel troops in close array,
On Marye's heights await the fray,
With their stars and bars, and clothed in
grey
By the Rappahannock river.

The Union troops marched bravely o'er
Their pontoon to the other shore;
The silver stream was stained with gore
But no muscle there did quiver,
While rifle bullets, shot and shell,
Around those gallant fellows fell—
Aye, fiercer than the fires of hell—
By the Rappahannock river.

But, Onward! Upward! was the cry,
Those heroes that don't fear to die!
And from their ranks no craven cry;
With fear no man did shiver;
But ready, eager for the fight,
In God their trust their cause is right,
To rout those rebel troops in sight,
By the Rappahannock river.

Those Union boys on victory bent,
To storm those heights use all their
strength,
While in their ranks there's many a rent,
May the good and heavenly Giver,
That sends down blessings on us all,
Remember our brave boys that fall—
That gathered at their country's call—
By the Rappahannock river.

What troops are these, that here are seen
That in their caps wear sprigs of green,
Charging those guns with fearless mien,
As volley after volley they deliver?
This is the immortal Meagher's brigade—
You would think that fighting was their
trade,
With diminished ranks the stand undismayed
By the Rappahannock river.

They fight with varying success,
Their numbers grew each moment less,
Their country with their dying breath
they bless,
As their lives they freely give her,
In the foremost rank, his comrades tell,
'Twas there my gallant brother fell,*
Fighting for the Union flag he loved so
well,
By the Rappahannock river.

As the darkness of the night comes down,
They, silent, leave old Fredericksburg,
If not victorious, not without renown,
May God their souls deliver.
And their country still laments the brave
That died, the Union cause to save,
And green be their memory, and each
grave
By the Rappahannock river.

* The writer lost two brothers in the Union army; one killed at Fredericksburg.

A CLEVER COLLIE.

Although Dash Was Blind He Managed to Save a Creature's Life.

Dash was not a full blooded collie, but he was a fine dog and remarkably intelligent. He was early trained to drive the cows to and from the pasture without assistance. This he did for several years; then he suddenly became blind from what seemed to be paralysis of the optic nerve. For a few weeks he was greatly depressed. He moped about in a disconsolate way and for days together scarcely changed his position. Finally his master succeeded in coaxing Dash to go along with him one morning to drive the cows to pasture.

That afternoon, of his own accord, the dog went after the cattle, and from that time onward he resumed his former habits, doing his work just as well and as faithfully as when he could see. He never made a mistake in the number of the cows, and never left a cow behind save once, and that happened in this wise:

One afternoon when the cows came home Old Brindle was missing. Dash drove the cattle into the barnyard, and then was seen going toward the pasture on a run. A half hour later he returned without the missing cow.

"Where's Brindle, Dash?" his master inquired.

The dog looked despondent. He hung his head and drooped his tail as if with shame.

"Go find Brindle," commanded the master.

Dash turned and ran for a few steps in the direction of the pasture and then trotted slowly back and sat down before his master, as if to say: "It's no use. I've tried, but I can't get that cow."

At his master's repeated command, he again ran off for a few steps, but returned as before, this time whining uneasily.

"Something wrong, is there, old dog? Well, I'll go along and see," said the man, and he started in the direction of the pasture.

A wonderful change came over Dash at this move of his master. Wide awake and tail wagging, he led the way, with occasional sharp, expressive barks.

Without a moment's hesitation he led his master straight to the spot were Old Brindle stood, and then began barking vociferously, as much as to say: "There, you see how it is! I couldn't start her."

The cow had caught her head in the crotch of an apple tree. She had been reaching for apples, and having put her head into the crotch from above, was unable to withdraw it, and there she hung, a picture of stupid misery, in imminent danger of choking to death.

She was released after considerable difficulty, and Dash drove her home. He had saved her life, his master thinks, for she could hardly have lived through the night in such a position.—Youth's Companion.

Sensations During Hanging.

One question often asked, and which few living persons are able to answer, is, "What are the sensations of a man who is being strangled with a rope?" Some of the few who have lived to give an account of what occurred to them at that critical moment say that after one instant of pain the chief sensation is that of a mass of brilliant colors before the eyes. Professor Boughton, who was one day testing for himself what such an experience would be like, lost his footing and was accidentally discovered and rescued just as the last faint spark of life was about to leave the body. He declared afterward that he felt no pain and that the only sensation was that of a fire before his eyes, which finally changed from a bright blue to a black color. He said that he had no fear of the consequences and that the colors were even a source of extreme pleasure.—St. Louis Republic.

Peat Bog Eruptions.

Herr Klinge has been studying the eruption of peat bogs and the stream of dark mud these give out. He rejects the explanation that it is due to excessive absorption of water by the peat, or that it is caused by exploding gases, but attributes it to land slips of the ground under the bog, and remarks that in Ireland the eruptions are most frequent in limestone formations with caverns and bodies of underground water.—New York Times.

An Old English Custom.

At a beautiful Wensleydale village the old custom of the blowing of a horn each night in winter is still carried out. Its purpose was to guide belated travelers in the forest, just as the foghorn guides the mariner who is nearing the coast.—London Tit-Bits.

Any of the earlier stages of Consumption can be cured. It's a matter of evidence—strong enough and complete enough to warrant the makers of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in promising this:

If it's taken in time and given a fair trial, they'll refund the money in any case where their medicine fails to benefit or cure.

But it's a medicine that doesn't fail; it goes to the root of the trouble. Consumption is developed through the blood, and must be cured in the same way. It's a scrofulous affection of the lungs—a blood-taint. And the surest remedy for Scrofula in all its forms, the most potent blood-cleanser, strength-restorer, and flesh-builder known to medical science, is the "Golden Medical Discovery." It cures Scrofula; it cures Consumption; it cures all Bronchial, Throat, and Lung affections, Asthma, Weak Lungs, Severe, Lingering Coughs, and kindred ailments—through the blood.

And if there's no help, there's no pay.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

BATTLING WITH THE SIOUX

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty.

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 31.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS AROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

London Saturday Review (Tory) July 12.

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden ending, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history, that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS. GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN'S CRITICISM.

[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

PRICE: Full Cloth, $3.00; Half Morocco, $3.50; Full Morocco, $5.00. For Sale at the office of publication, No. 69 Dearborn-st., Room 46, Chicago, and by all leading Booksellers.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street New York.

$10 Battery Loaned.

If you are not enjoying perfect health, strength and vigor, we will lend you for 60 days one of Gray's Galvanic Body Batteries, price $10, you to pay for it if cured. It is for men only, and is the latest and best Electric Appliance invented. Current can be made strong or weak; turned on or off at will. Acts like magic in cases of Weakness, Premature Old Age, &c. Can we send you one at our risk? Electric Treatment Co., 259 Broadway, N. Y. City

UNFORTUNATE KANSAS.

Another of Her Cities in Partial Ruins.

WELLINGTON SWEPT BY A CYCLONE.

Over Fifty Persons Killed and Hundreds of Buildings Demolished by the Roaring Monster—A List of Some of the Dead—Railway Disasters in Indiana, Ohio and Wisconsin—The Deadly Electric Wire—Late Flood News.

WELLINGTON, Kan., May 30.—Half of this little city is in ruins and 500 men, women, and children are either dead or severely injured. Soon after 8 o'clock Friday night a terrible cyclone swept through the center of town and leveled everything in its path. Dwelling houses, barns and business blocks were toppled over and crushed to the earth as though built of cards. The storm came up so suddenly that no one was prepared for the attack. Hundreds of buildings were overthrown, and it is impossible as yet to form the slightest idea of the extent of the destruction. The hurricane came from the southeast without any premonitory signs. Everybody was indoors, and the storm had passed with its destruction before anyone realized its awful significance.

Business Buildings in Ruins.

The cyclone did not do much damage until it reached the center of the town. On Jefferson avenue it destroyed the Lutheran church, but only unroofed the residences. Its most furious work was done within the compass of four squares bounded by Jefferson avenue, Avenue C and Seventh and Ninth streets. Every building in those two squares was demolished and wrecked. Fortunately the residences in that locality were not numerous, otherwise the loss of life would have been much greater than it now appears to be. The Wellington foundry was demolished, and Mrs. William Asher and her sister, Kittie Strahn, who were passing at the time, were buried in its ruins and killed. Their bodies have been recovered. All of the finest business buildings are in ruins, and every newspaper office in the city is a wreck. It is estimated that the number of buildings destroyed exceeds 400, and the majority of them are business blocks.

Some of the Dead.

To add to the horror fire broke out in the debris of Cole Robinson's block, and Mrs. Susan Sashes was burned to death in her house. A solid block of brick buildings containing half a dozen stores and The Monitor office is a heap of mortar. Michael Fanning, a laborer was killed there. The number of dead, as far as can be ascertained, will exceed fifty. The dead so far as found are: Mrs. Susan Sashes, burned to death in her home; Michael Fanning, struck by a roof timber; Ida Jones, dining room girl in the Phillips house, Mrs. William Asher, Kittie Strahn, X. Silva, Walter Forsythe, unknown man, commercial traveler, guest of the Phillips house; two unknown men, members of the Salvation Army.

Two Other Kansas Towns Destroyed.

KANSAS CITY, May 30.—Dispatches received at the Santa Fe headquarters at Topeka from trainmen on the road say that the town of Argonia of 150 inhabitants and Harper, county seat of Harper county, 2,300 inhabitants, have been totally destroyed by the tornado which wrecked such havoc at Wellington. Argonia bears the distinction of being the first town in Kansas to elect a full set of women officials. It is impossible to get news from either place as all the wires are gone. Telegraph service at Wellington is so badly delayed that it is almost impossible to get any message through. The Santa Fe has sent special trains to Argonia and Harper with all the help obtainable at Wichita.

DISASTERS ON THE RAIL.

Two Trains Meet on the Same Track Near Indianapolis.

INDIANAPOLIS, May 30.—At 3:20 Saturday morning the incoming Panhandle passenger from Chicago, due here at 3:45, met with a head end collision with a freight train near Howland Station, two miles beyond the city limits and a dozen or more persons were injured, one perhaps fatally. The passenger was coming around the long curve at this point at high speed when the freight was sighted. Both trains sighted each other simultaneously and when they came together each was going at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. The engines were wrecked. Most of the passengers were asleep. The injured are as follows: David Ingler, Indianapolis; freight fireman, back wrenched and internal injuries, perhaps fatal; Conductor Gillis, Indianapolis, of the passenger, badly bruised and sprained; H. G. Perine, mail clerk, Indianapolis, nose cut and badly bruised; J. H. Golding, Chicago, injured internally; Charles L. Marts, Louisville, face and head cut; Kemp Ridgely, Louisville, head and hands cut. Several others were slightly injured.

Disaster Caused by Negligence.

NILES, O., May 30.—Negligence and an open switch and siding caused a big railway accident here on the Pittsburg and Western by which twenty four freight cars loaded with merchandise were thrown off and smashed and the engine wrecked. James McFarland of Girad was killed and John Jones, also of Girad, was fatally injured.

Killed in Freight Wreck.

RACINE, Wis., May 30.—At 4 o'clock Friday afternoon two freight cars were wrecked at Western Union Juntion on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad. Joseph Knapp and Wallace Finney were killed. Both men were molders and lived at Oshway, Can.

MISCELLANEOUS MISHAPS.

Peculiar and Fatal Accident at the Edgar Thompson Steel Works.

PITTSBURG, May 30.—A Braddock special says: Two men were killed and several seriously injured at the Edgar Thomson Steel works by a shock from an electric wire in the blacksmith department of the works. The boom of a traveling crane, on which the men were working, came in contact with an electric light wire and cut through the insulation. In an instant all the men on the crane were knocked insensible. Anthony Lokel, aged 34, and Joseph Zealeny, aged 23, died a few minutes after they were removed. A third man whose name is not known, remains unconscious. The others soon regained consciousness and will recover. Both of deceased were unmarried and have no relatives in this country.

Fatal Explosion in a Pulp Mill.

CARROLLTON, O., May 30.—An explosion occurred in the pulp mill connected with the Friend paper mills. It was heard for miles around. The building was almost totally demolished, and fragments of the wreckage were scattered all over the village. Dmery Blood of Lawrence, Mass., the foreman of the mill, was killed outright, his body being frightfully torn and mangled. Superintendent Stebbins of Carrollton, was dangerously and several others slightly injured.

The Flood Damage.

NEW YORK, May 30.—Special advices to Bradstreet's from regions affected more seriously by floods point to an aggregate loss in five states of $32,000,000, which includes damage to railway property, destruction of or damage to levees, to farm buildings, machinery, live stock, and crops, as well as loss on other property. Louisiana and Arkansas have lost less in this respect than has been reported, and Illinois and Missouri probably more. Losses in Iowa and Kansas have been greatly exaggerated.

Whole Towns Swept Away.

ARKANSAS CITY, Kan., May 30.—The story of flood, suffering and destruction in the valleys of the White and Arkansas rivers has not been half told. There is not a thousand acres of dry soil left in Desha county. The towns of Hollendel, Chicot City, Red Fork and Pendleton have been wiped off the earth, and not a living being is at any one of them. All have been rescued and are now on high ground, but actually starving, so difficult of access are they to the relief steamers. All the big plantations for forty miles in the Arkansas valley are utterly ruined.

TRAGEDY IN A DINING ROOM.

A Lincoln, Neb., Banker Murdered by a Prominent Business Man.

LINCOLN, May 26.—The guests at the breakfast table in the Lincoln hotel Thursday morning were startled by the report of a pistol shot in the dining room and the exclamation: "Die, you villain," uttered in a shrill and passionate voice. A guest at one of the tables was seen to sway backward and forward in his chair and then fall to the floor before assistance could reach him. His assailant hurriedly left the room, but was arrested in the hotel office and held for the police authorities.

The wounded man was found to be sinking rapidly and a physician was summoned, but before he arrived the man was dead. His names is Charles F. Montgomery and he was president of the German National bank. His assailant was William H. Irwin, a prominent business man. After being turned over to the officers Irwin made a statement in which he charged Montgomery with seducing Mrs. Irwin and her daughter. All the parties are prominently connected and the tragic affair created the most intense excitement.

Indiana People's Party Convention.

INDIANAPOLIS, May 27.—The People's party state convention met at Masonic hall at 10 o'clock with nearly six hundred delegates present, and after being called to order by Chairman Templeton, of the state committee, elected S. W. Williams of Knox county permanent chairman. There was no contest and the committee on resolutions reported the platform. This document was a dyed in the wool St. Louis platform, but was reported by the majority of the committee without a prohibition plank. The minority reported a wholesale indorsement of prohibition. When the question upon the minority report was put to a vote it was defeated, 160 to 140.

Leroy Templeton was nominated for governor by the convention.

Arkansas City Under Water.

ARKANSAS CITY, Ark., May 30.—This city is now under six to eight feet of water and there is not a dry spot of land within two miles. Every railroad entering here has been abandoned, and all business has been suspended. Everybody is living on their second floor and this message is sent from an attic, the ground floor being covered with water. Over 100 villages in the valleys of the Arkansas, Red, White, and St. Francis rivers have been depopulated and swept away and will never be rebuilt until the country has adequate flood protection.

Could Distinctly Hear Its Roar.

OLNEY, Ills., May 30.—A funnel-shaped cloud, during a storm here Saturday evening, formed about two miles south and passed two miles east, doing great damage. The Zelch and Stewart farm barns were demolished; orchards and fences were twisted in every shape. A piece of flying debris struck Mr. Summerman's residence, going through the house. No lives were lost. From this point the cloud was a great sight. As it passed the roaring could be distinctly heard.

Decoration Day.

CHICAGO, May 31.—Decoration Day was well observed all over the United States. Monuments were dedicated at Muskegon, Mich; Farmington, Ills; Lenox, Mass.; Rochester, N. Y., and Mobile, Ala., the latter to Illinoisans who died at Fort Blakely. President Harrison sent a laurel wreath to the national cemetery at Chattanooga in memory of the "unknown" dead. Ex-Confederates dedicated a monument at Richmond, Va., to General A. P. Hill.

Monument to Chief Hennessey.

NEW ORLEANS, May 30.—In the presence of fully a thousand people the granite monument erected to the late Chief of Police of this city, D. C. Hennessey, was unveiled Sunday. Oct. 15, 1890, while wending his way homeward the chief of police was assaulted in a cowardly manner and killed by a band of Italians, eleven of whom expiated their crime at the hands of a mob of citizens while they were confined in the parish prison.

The Case of Dr. Briggs.

PORTLAND, Or., May 30.—The general assembly Monday morning listened to a report of the special committee appointed to prepare a paper disposing of the Briggs case, following up the decision of Saturday, which was adopted, remanding the case back to New York for a new trial as soon as possible.

Another Bank President in Trouble.

KEARNEY, Neb., May 30.—Ex-President S. S. St. John, of the defunct Commercial and Savings bank of this city, was arrested Saturday at the instigation of one of the depositors. The bank is charged with receiving deposits when the president and cashier knew the institution was insolvent.

1892	JUNE.					1892
Su.	Mo.	Tu.	We.	Th.	Fri.	Sat.
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30		

THE "MAY CONVENTION."

Cleveland Democrats Assemble at Syracuse, N. Y.

DELEGATES TAKE OFF THEIR COATS.

The Convention Called to Order by Mr. Fairchild, and John D. Kernan Made Temporary Chairman—Consul General New Answers a Number of Questions Pertaining to the Political Situation—What Conger of Ohio Says.

SYRACUSE, May 31.—The big Alhambra rink was not decorated very brilliantly for the "May convention" of Cleveland Democrats. Three flags made the total of the state decorations. Colored banners of cardboard marked the delegation divisions in the hall. Not a banner was hung from the roof or walls. The doors were ordered closed against the public until noon, but the ticketholders slipped in by twos and threes and five minutes before the noon hour almost every seat in the hall was occupied. The heat was intense and the delegates began to shed their coats. At 12:08, when Mr. Fairchild stepped to the front of the platform to call the convention to order, the convention cheered again and again. When quiet had been restored Mr. Fairchild said:

"On behalf of the provisional state committee I call this convention of Democrats of the state of New York to order." [Cheers.] Continuing, Mr. Fairchild reviewed in a few words the preliminaries which led to the holding of the convention.

The Temporary Chairman.

He then presented the name of John D. Kernan of Oneida for temporary chairman. Mr. Kernan finished speaking at 1 o'clock. On motion H. D. Baldwin was elected reading secretary and James F. Condon recording secretary of the convention. The roll of the convention was then called. A number of substitutions were announced.

The usual committees on permanent organization, credentials and resolutions were appointed. A delegate moved to appoint a committee to appoint a committee to name delegates at large to Chicago. It was carried.

After Mr. Kernan's speech, which was received with great applause, the convention at 1:27 took a recess until 3:30 p. m.

INTERVIEW WITH JOHN C. NEW.

He Predicts the Nomination of Harrison on the First Ballot.

CHICAGO, May 31.—John C. New, consul general at London, editor of the Indianapolis Journal, and the chief of the administration boom, has reached Chicago en route to the Minneapolis convention, and tarries here awaiting the arrival of confreres from Indiana, Washington, and New York, when the force will proceed to the breastworks. Nearer than any other man connected with the administration, Mr. New knows what the programme is. He is the neighbor of President Harrison when the latter is at home; he was the official organ of General Harrison before his election. Mr. New is rather warm in his temperament, affable, and communicative. He doesn't dodge, but comes up squarely and frankly to every question.

Questions and Answers.

"Who will place Mr. Harrison's name before the convention?"

"I think Chauncey M. Depew will have that honor, although I have no official information on that point."

"Who will be temporary chairman of the convention?"

"Several members of the committee have suggested General Horace Porter."

"And permanent presiding officer?"

"That, you know, is done by the convention. But my opinion is Mr. McKinley is in the lead."

"What will be the duration of the convention?"

"It will not last longer than Thursday."

"How many votes do you reckon for Mr. Harrison?"

"A majority, and on the first ballot."

"Do you think Mr. Blaine's name will be presented?"

"We have not been advised of anything of the kind. On the contrary, we have Mr. Blaine's own assurance that his name will not be presented."

Would Violate Every Precedent.

"But his friends claim that circumstances have come up since that letter which nullify it."

"It is for Mr. Blaine to say that. For him to permit his name to go before the convention at Minneapolis would be for him to violate every precedent; in fact, it would be contrary to Mr. Blaine's own manner of doing things. It would be for him to go contrary to what all others have done whose names were mentioned at one time or another. Your own Senator Cullom wrote a letter saying he would not be a candidate. Senator Sherman has said he would not be. So have Senator Allison and Minister Lincoln. The Republican party has taken those gentlemen's words. Mr. Blaine himself has said he would not be named, and why should Mr. Blaine of all others go back on what he has said?"

New York Herald Figures.

"Have you seen the figures of the New York Herald on the complexion of the delegates?"

"Yes; but they are not reliable. Many of the figures of The Herald that are put down as uncertain, but as probable for Blaine, are, to my certain knowledge, for Harrison. Others put down certainly for Blaine are for Harrison."

"Which, if you please?"

"Several; Illinois, for example, is one case in which the delegation is put down half for Harrison and half for Blaine. That is not the case."

"It must be admitted, however, don't you think, that Mr. Blaine will have the greatest amount of enthusiasm at Minneapolis?"

"There will be no occasion for it. Besides that sort of thing does not nominate a candidate."

Statement from Blaine.

"Will Mr. Blaine's name be presented in spite of his letter? Isn't there danger from your standpoint of stampeding the convention to Blaine?"

"Before the time for stampeding arrives there will be a situation which will prevent anything of that sort."

"What will bring that about?"

"A statement that Mr. Blaine will not accept the nomination."

"From Mr. Blaine?"

"I think so."

"Is there an anti-Harrison sentiment in Indiana?"

"No; except a little in one district."

"You expect a harmonious convention?"

"Very; there will be no scenes; Mr. Harrison will be renominated on the first ballot. Mr. Blaine's name will not be presented."

What Mr. Conger Says.

CHICAGO, May 31.—"Mr. Blaine will not write another letter," said National Committeeman A. L. Conger of Ohio Tuesday morning. Mr. Conger is in Chicago en route to Minneapolis and stopped over a day to break the journey. "Either Mr. Blaine or the president will be nominated," continued Mr. Conger, "and I am satisfied that Mr. Blaine will be the man. The country wants Mr. Blaine and his reciprocity plan which has made him so deservedly popular." Mr. Conger laughed to scorn the claim of the Harrisonites that the president has 693 delegates pledged to him. "The president has no such number," declared he; "I am quite sure that the majority of the delegates are Blaine men."

Indorsed the St. Louis Platform.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., May 31.—In compliance to the call issued by S. M. Adams, state president of the Farmers' Alliance, four counties had delegates here to attend a labor conference. It was for the purpose of indorsing or rejecting the platform adopted by the labor conference in St. Louis on Feb. 23 last. Adams was made chairman of the meeting which indorsed the St. Louis platform with only one dissenting vote. After the adjournment of the meeting about half the delegates present formally organized the People's party in Alabama.

The Stalwarts Against Blaine.

UTICA, N. Y., May 31.—The remark made by Assistant Treasurer Ellis H. Roberts that stalwartism had died out and would not be an important influence against Blaine if nominated, has stirred up a great deal of feeling here. Monday night ex-Postmaster Judson T. Stevens said: "The feeling of the stalwarts is as strong against Blaine now as ever and if he was nominated he would be opposed in the same way and by the same men as in 1884." He was very outspoken about it and said that under no circumstances would the stalwarts vote for Conkling's old enemy.

Says Blaine Will Write Again.

NEW YORK, May 31.—A special to The Herald from Washington gives an interview had by its correspondent with Major Ramsdell, marshal of the District of Columbia and one of the closest personal friends of the president. In the talk Mr. Ramsdell declared that Blaine would write another letter, in which he would again decline to allow his name to go before the Minneapolis convention. The major closed the interview by saying: "You can put it down as certain that the president will be renominated on the first ballot."

Wisconsin Prohibitionists.

MADISON, Wis., May 31.—The Prohibition state convention met here Tuesday afternoon to nominate a full state and presidential ticket. The feature of the address of Samuel D. Hastings, chairman of the state committee, the earnest advocacy of the prohibition law in place of the moral suasion plan, which the third party has so long advocated in this state.

FAILURE ON 'CHANGE.

May Corn Reaches $1 and Drop to 50 Cents at Chicago.

CHICAGO, May 31.—The May corn corner collapsed Tuesday and resulted disastrously to the manipulators. Coster & Martin, who have been taking all the cash corn put on the market for several weeks and at the same time squeezing the shorts in May, failed, and the price of May corn, which had been put up as high as $1 during the morning, dropped rapidly until it reached 50 cents. The assets and liabilities of the firm are not known.

The Trouble in Venezuela.

VALENCIA, May 31.—Palacio's soldiers are deserting hundreds at a time and joining the rebel generals, and this causes the president much worry. The rebels are now threatening both Puerto Cabello and Laguayra. To prevent the capture of these two important sea ports Palacio has ordered all his available fleet to proceed to their defense. The revolutionists intrenched near San Juan were attacked a few days ago by government troops. After a fierce fight the latter carried the intrenchments and then set fire to the town. To offset this nationalist victory a force of government troops was repulsed after several hours hard fighting by the rebels near Laguayra.

The President Returns to Washington.

WASHINGTON, May 31.—President Harrison and party returned from Rochester Tuesday morning, arriving here at 7:30 o'clock. The president expressed himself in enthusiastic terms over the trip, saying it was one of the pleasantest in his experience. He warmly complimented Congressman Greenleaf, who arranged the excursion, and the committee in charge of the reception and entertainment in Rochester. Members of the party say that the outward trip and the reception at Rochester, lasting until the departure of the train homeward bound, was a continued ovation.

Ex-Treasurer Noland's Case.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., May 31.—The supreme court has affirmed judgment of the lower court in the case of ex-State Treasurer Edward T. Noland. Noland was found guilty of embezzling $35,000 of state funds and sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

In Favor of Turpin.

WASHINGTON, May 31.—The house committee on elections by a vote of 7 to 2 has decided the contested election case of McDuffie against Turpin from the Fourth Alabama district in favor of Turpin, Democrat, the sitting member.

Horror at Corbeille, France.

PARIS, May 31.—The flour mills of the Messrs. Darbley at Corbeille, burned yesterday and it is believed that twenty-one of the employes are buried beneath the ruins. The loss is about $5,000,000.

CONNECTING LINKS.

Abbreviated Notice of a Week's Important Events.

A. Nelson, who resided with his wife and eight daughters on Wright street Saginaw, committed suicide by blowing the top of his head off with a shotgun.

A gas and electric light company with $40,000 capital has been organized at Menasha, Wis. It will furnish both light and power.

Jack Burke, under arrest at Kansas City, Mo., for vagrancy, is generally believed to be the man who murdered four women at Denison, Tex., last week.

Charles Bunt, aged 6 years, was drowned in a cistern at Kansas City.

Professor Baldwin of the University of Illinois has started out with a class from the mining and engineering department of that institution on a tour of some of the largest coal mines in the central Illinois coal fields. The object is to give the students practical lessons in mechanical and mining engineering of the character adapted to coal mining.

James Moran of Valparaiso, Ind., a passenger on the Santa Fe train wrecked near Fort Madison, Ia., has accepted $1,000 in settlement of damages. Frank Graves of the same place, who was seriously hurt, has refused all offers of compromise and will sue for $25,000.

John Murphy, aged 6, son of Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Murphy of Fort Howard, Wis., was drowned in Fox river.

An unknown suicide was found hanging in Shaw's brickyard at Joliet.

Over 11,000 people visited the Chicago fair grounds Sunday.

A flouring mill with a 3,000-barrel capacity will be added at once to the West Superior, Wis., mills. It will be ready for fall grinding.

Canada, it is reported, will send a commission to Washington to confer on the question of canal tolls.

Mme. Reymond shot and killed Mme. Delaporte in Paris because the latter was intimate with her husband.

Orange county, Fla., men tortured a prisoner thought to be connected with the murder of Expressman Saunders in a vain attempt to extract a confession.

* * *

Another Mormon colony has been granted a large concession in the state of Chihuahua, Mexico. The concession consists of 100,000 acres of fine farm land through which runs the Rio Concho.

Germany is preparing its greatest exhibit for the World's fair.

Over 100 families are reported to be destitute near Wheatland, Ills.

George Woehler, a wealthy citizen of Hope, Ind., fell in Haw creek while fishing and was drowned.

Michael Mandreth, a German, aged 45, committed suicide by hanging in the poorhouse near Joliet, Ills.

L. Putzell of Lena, Ills., is missing from home, and his bride and friends are alarmed.

The seventy-eighth annual session of the American Baptist union is being held in Philadelphia.

Governor Fifer of Illinois has issued an appeal to the state asking for food and clothing for the sufferers from the flood.

Deerfoot staggered and fell against a fence while running for the Clipsetta stakes at Latonia. She fractured her skull and died soon afterward. The rider, J. Murphy, was also injured.

The popcorn privilege for the World's fair, which will be awarded in a few days, is expected to net about $25,000.

Consul John C. New will leave Washington for Indianapolis Thursday afternoon.

Washington had a fright from a grizzly bear, which escaped from the "Zoo." He was finally hunted down and shot.

Colonel Elliott F. Shepard, editor of the New York Mail and Express, was thrown from his carriage at Portland, Or., and badly hurt.

Kid Loyd of Brazil, Ind., knocked out Sam Farmer at Clay City in three rounds.

Blaine, Cleveland and Hill are all in New York but decline to talk politics.

General Francis A. Walker's name is said to be one of those under consideration in Washington in connection with the choice of five delegates to the international silver conference.

* * *

The Massachusetts house of representatives has defeated the bill incorporating the Cape Cod Maritime Ship Canal company.

Governor Boies has pardoned Dr. W. F. Murday, who was serving a ten-year sentence for the murder of Silas Tipton at Moulton, Ia.

"Paddy" Weldon, leader of the "Indian gang" of St. Louis, was shot dead by a policeman he had attacked in a saloon.

The famous locomotive "General," used by Andrews and his raider in their dash toward Tennessee April 12, 1862, has been repaired and will be taken to the World's fair.

Mr. Clarkson, chairman of the Republican National committee, states that a meeting of the committee will be held at West hotel, Minneapolis, Saturday, June 4, at 11 a. m.

The Illinois headquarters at the national Republican convention will be at the Nicollet House, Minneapolis.

Bills have been reported to the senate appropriating $100,000 and $15,000 respectively for the erection of public buildings at Muscatine, Ia., and Muncie, Ind.

Edward Parker Deacon, who has been sentenced to a year's imprisonment at Nice for shooting the Frenchman, Abeille, his wife's lover, was on the staff of General Heintzelman during the war, and was popular with his fellow officers.

Iowa Republicans will hold their convention to nominate a state ticket at Des Moines June 29. The Hon. R. B. Hough of Muscatine has been selected as temporary chairman.

Advices from Africa state that French dominance from the Congo to Western Soudan and the Senegal is assured.

Deeming made a confession that he had no intention of killing his last wife, but that the deed was done in anger during a quarrel.

Cornelius Vanderbilt's friends fear that the death of his eldest son, William H., will unbalance his mind.

Belle Hamlin and Globe trotted a mile at Belmont park in 2:13¼, lowering their own record of 2:15 made two weeks ago.

Farmers in the northwest are selling wheat more freely, and western farmers are selling corn.

* * *

Hard coal prices have again been advanced 25 cents per ton to dealers by the Reading trust, the advance to go into effect June 1.

Earl Root, aged 34 years, living near Assumption, Ills., had been suffering with a felon for several days and had a physician lance it. Immediately after he was seized with violent spasms and died a few hours later.

The Rev. H. S. Gennis of Rockford has been nominated for congress by the Sixth Illinois district Democratic convention.

An unknown negro attempted to assault the 12-year-old daughter of a farmer named Page, living near Edwards, Miss. Citizens are searching for him and $100 reward is offered for his capture.

The Farmers and Merchants' bank of Freeport, Ills., capital stock $100,000, President Esrom Mayer, Cashier John H. Brockmeir, has been authorized.

James Johnson was arrested near Rochelle, Ills., after a three days chase for stealing two horses and a buggy at Kewanee.

State Treasurer Wilson estimates that there are from 12,000 to 15,000 persons in Illinois who have suffered from floods and need help.

Next Monday the Phœnix iron ore mines at Boyertown, Pa., will shut down for three months.

Petitioners are flooding the fine arts department of the World's fair with objections to the nude in the art exhibition.

William Hicks Thorne, wholesale dealer in hosiery of new York, has made an assignment. Liabilities, $50,000; assets, unknown.

Bohemians of Chicago will dedicate a monument to soldiers of Bohemian birth who fell in the civil war.

M. W. Fox of San Francisco has been awarded a judgement of $1,100,000 against the Norcross Silver Mining company and the Nevada Mill and Mining company.

Nebraskans celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the admission of the state into the Union at Lincoln.

The New York colored citizens' Democratic convention met at Albany. Among the resolutions adopted was one praising the administration of Grover Cleveland and the state administration of ex Governor Hill.

Minneapolis made 7,877,947 barrels of flour in 1891.

Governor Brown of Georgia wears a pair of cuff links made of brass buttons cut from a Confederate soldier's coat.

The California state board of health is trying to start a movement for the establishment of a lazaretto for the care of lepers.

* * *

Too much silver in Havana has caused a great depreciation in the white metal throughout Cuba.

Bourke Cockran is authority for the statement that the New York delegation to the Chicago convention will stand by Hill to the last.

There are at present in China only 1,023 citizens of the United States, nearly half of whom are women. Nearly one-half, or 506, are missionaries.

Lord Lansdowne may resign as governor general of India.

Louis J. Rayeur, a prominent member of the Temperance Athletic association of South Bethlehem, Pa., declares that for $5,000 he will crawl on his hands and knees from Bethlehem to Chicago before the opening of the World's fair.

Chippewa Indians in Minnesota refuse to obey the government's mandate to accept the allotment of eighty acres of land instead of the 160-acre apportionment to each man, woman and child.

Terrific thunder and hailstorms are reported from various places in Spain, and grave fears are entertained that disastrous floods will result. Great damage has been inflicted in vineyards.

Cholera has made its appearance in Meshed, a walled city of Persia, capital of the province of Khorassan. Many deaths from the disease are already reported.

Jurors likely to be drawn for the trial of Ravachol at Montbrison, for murder are pleading ill-health in order to avoid serving.

Mexico is anxious to secure reciprocal relations with the United States.

An additional water supply of 40,000,000 gallons a day will be let into the Chicago watermains June 1.

The National Lead company of New Jersey has filed articles of incorporation. The capital stock is $30,000,000.

Representatives of the natural gas companies of Indiana met at Muncie and resolved to prevent the product from being piped if possible to points outside the state.

British influence will probably lead Morocco to enter the postal union.

William R. Laidlaw has sued Russell Sage for $20,000 damages. Laidlaw is the clerk who claims that the millionaire used him as a shield at the time the bomb was exploded in Sage's office.

* * *

Storms and floods are doing immense damage to crops in the County Donegal, Ireland.

A friend of Barnard college, the female annex to Columbia, has offered $160,000 for a building if the site be chosen near the uptown site of Columbia itself.

Fire at San Francisco destroyed the Fulton Iron works and other property to the value of $450,000.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers has granted Chief P. M. Arthur six months leave of absence, with full pay.

Lizzie Murray was arrested at Dixon, Ills., for jumping into the river with intent to end her life.

What is Scrofula

It is that impurity in the blood, which, accumulating in the glands of the neck, produces unsightly lumps or swellings; which causes painful running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which developes ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or many other manifestations usually ascribed to "humors." It is a more formidable enemy than consumption or cancer alone, for scrofula combines the worst possible features of both. Being the most ancient, it is the most general of all diseases or affections, for very few persons are entirely free from it.

How can it be cured? By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by the cures it has accomplished, often when other medicines have failed, has proven itself to be a potent and peculiar medicine for this disease. For all affections of the blood Hood's Sarsaparilla is unequalled, and some of the cures it has effected are really wonderful. If you suffer from scrofula in any of its various forms, be sure to give Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P. O. address. T. A. Slocum, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,

CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, JUNE 4, 1892

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.

Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—"Hazel Kirke."

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.

Madison street, between Dearborn and State—"Uncle Nat."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.

Corner Clark and Washington Streets.—"Ali Baba."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—"Miss Helyett."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,

Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"The Isle of Champagne."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.

Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—Mr. Curtis in "Sam'l of Posen."

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.

Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.

Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

NOTICE.

Owing to the space devoted to the Moore celebration at Central Music hall on the evening of May 27, much editorial matter, correspondence and general news have been crowded out this week.

MOORE.

Now that the Moore anniversary has passed by, and that for the first time it has been publicly celebrated in Chicago, it may be well to say something about the poet whose memory and whose genius so many met together to honor.

Every one knows that Moore was born in Dublin; but it is not so generally known that the province of Munster has about as much claim on him as Leinster has, for his immediate ancestors on his father's side were from Kerry. His name was properly More, or rather O'More; in Irish *O'Mordha*; but owing to the generally incorrect pronunciation of the long Irish *o* in the southern half of Ireland where it has the sound of double *o* the name More got corrupted into Moore—a not happy change, for the correct pronunciation of the word is much more euphonious. If the name is not usually pronounced correctly, it is at least thoroughly Irish and Celtic.

But it is with Moore's fame as a patriot and a poet that we have to do. No Irishman except an Orangeman or a snob would dare to slight his poetry or to doubt his patriotism. In spite of the unfortunate fact that his countrymen do not even yet fully appreciate his genius or acknowledge his worth, his name shall shine for ever as not only the greatest poet that Ireland ever produced, but one of the greatest that the world has ever produced—whose unapproachable lyrics may in the future be the great inciting cause of the freedom and regeneration of the land the wrongs and aspirations of which they sing as those of no other land have ever been sung before.

It is curious and at the same time instructive how the fame of Moore is fading among the British almost in exact proportion as it is growing among the Irish. He appeared in the midst of a galaxy of great poets like Byron, Scott and others, but their fame dimmed not for a moment the greatness of his genius or his world-wide popularity. Never, perhaps, were poems so universally or so quickly appreciated as those included under the title of "Lalla Rookh." The title was outlandish and ill-chosen; but no ill-chosen name could mar the magnificence of their poetry. The "Fire Worshippers" would be read and admired as the noblest heroic poem ever written, no matter what title it appeared under, or in what land or language it was printed.

But it is Moore's lyrics that above all endear him to the Irish heart. If he never had written aught save the "Melodies," he would have put Ireland under a debt that she can never pay. Ireland is rich in lyric poetry; other great names have made themselves dear to her by singing her hopes and sorrows in words that can never be forgotten; but great as Ireland's other national poets may have been, Moore stands above them all. Ireland never produced a national poet equal to him in the past, and it seems hard to conceive how she can produce one equal to him in the future. He, as a lyrist, and Shakespeare as a dramatist, are such phenomena of genius as nature could hardly reproduce, and which no man need ever hope to see again. Like the transcendent music to which Moore wrote his equally transcendent words, his poetry was unapproachable. Ireland in possessing the Melodies of Moore and the airs to which they are set, can boast of possessing a treasure of music and poetry so unapproachably magnificent beyond that of all other nations, that in the midst of her misfortune and sorrow, she should break forth into pæans of joy when she thinks of the priceless treasure of song that is hers; a treasure in which the stranger can claim no part—a treasure that is hers, all hers, and hers alone—that was fostered in the midst of her sorrows, brought to perfection and given to the world when no ray of light illumined her political horizon. Her noblest songs were uttered in her chains. The limbs of the bound and bleeding captive were manacled, but in the freedom of her soul and the deathlessness of her hope, she poured forth strains so divine that even her brutal tyrant was for a moment softened and alarmed as he listened to their pathos.

But the British have ceased in a great measure to read Moore. They were for a time fascinated by his genius, but now they are beginning to look on him as Ireland's rebel poet. May they continue to regard him as such for all future time, for just in proportion as they hate him will we love him. Hardly a criticism on his poetry appears in the English press nowadays that is not full of bitterness and hate. It may be that it was the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of his birthday in New York in 1879 that has roused the wrath of the British enemy; if it was, then let every city, town, village and hamlet on the face of the earth, where there are even a dozen Irishmen, celebrate his birthday until the end of time. There is hardly a personage in the universe, outside of the devil, that England hates that Ireland ought not to love. One of the grandest illustrations of British bitterness and meanness may be found in recent British criticisms on Moore. A recent scribbler in the foul press of Britain, named Saintsbury, had an article in a London magazine some time ago, in which he claimed that Moore was no poet at all, that he had no Irish feeling, and that the Irish no longer recognized him as their national bard. In a biographical work published not long ago by Chambers of Edinburgh, there is another criticism on Moore that surpasses, in grotesque prejudice and in blind jealousy anything of the kind ever written. It tries to show how immeasurably superior Burns was to Moore. No Irishman that we ever heard of has ever uttered a word against the poetry of Burns. Most Irishmen ardently admire it. There is no room for comparison between Moore and Burns; for although both were lyric poets, their styles and subjects were so different that no one but a literary fool or a prejudiced politician would seek to compare them. No one can deny that Burns was a genius in his way; but it was the lowliness of his social position more than the intrinsic worth of his writings that brought him first into notice. Burns wrote in the unfixed and barbarous dialect of a rude people; Moore wrote in the most chaste and classic English that up to his time had been employed in verse. Burns was not a national poet, for even when he wrote Scottish nationality was dead, and the people who had basely cast it away for a mess of English pottage would have been sent into loyalist convulsions had Burns dared to sing of Scotland's hope for national life; Moore's mission as a poet was to keep alive the spirit of nationality in Ireland, and to buoy up his country in her hour of sorrow by the thought of the glory that was to come. "Scots wha hae" was about the only national song that Burns ever wrote, and he took care to go back five hundred years for a theme; but Moore in verses of immortal beauty and in the choicest language of the stranger, almost deifies the memories of those who, like Tone and Emmet, had so recently given up their lives for Ireland, that their bodies were still undecayed in the graves to which fate had consigned them. It is no wonder that the British enemy try to make comparison between Burns and Moore, and invidiously to the poet whose songs shall nerve the arms and fire the hearts of multitudes yet unborn when their country calls on them to strike an effective blow for her liberty.

If there is one name above another in the storied annals of Ireland whose memory she should never cease to honor, it is that of Moore. We do not seek to put the orator or the singer above the hero; but with an emotional race like ours, the bard has a power supreme. During the long centuries, from the twelfth to the seventeenth, when, in spite of disunion and faction, Ireland held her own against all the power of England, and gave her blow for blow, it was to her bards that Ireland owed her victories. The enemy knew the power of those bards; he hunted them from fastness to fastness; he prized one of their heads more than the heads of a legion of soldiers; and when the bard ceased to inspire the clansmen with his harp and his war-song, the day of Ireland's subjugation drew nigh.

Let the anniversary of Moore be celebrated henceforth and for ever in every land where men of his race have got a foothold. Let the 27th of May never again go by "from this day to the ending of the world" on which his countrymen shall not celebrate his birth and glorify his name. Every year adds to the popularity of Moore. His songs have been translated into Irish by one of the greatest masters of Irish that ever lived. They are known from pole to pole, and they are every day becoming more and more loved, for their mission is Ireland's liberty. Immortal honor be to him who wrote in his "Lamentation of Aughrim":

Oh, could we from death but recover
Those hearts as they bounded before,
In the face of high heaven to fight over
That combat for freedom once more;
Could the chain for an instant be riven,
Which tyranny flung round us then,
Oh 'tis not in man, nor in heaven,
To let tyranny bind it again!
But 'tis past, and tho' blazoned in story
The name of our victor may be,
Accursed is the march of that glory
Which treads on the hearts of the free!
Far dearer the grave or the prison,
Illumed by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of all who have risen
On liberty's ruin to fame!

FATHER HAYES' PARISH.

The Rev. Denis Hayes, one of the most patriotic priests in America, will have an entertainment for the benefit of his parish of St. Rose of Lima, at the parochial school hall, Ashland avenue and Forty eighth street, on Monday evening, June 13. An excellent literary and musical programme has been arranged for the occasion. Father Hayes will occupy the chair and make some opening remarks on the subject of the entertainment. Mr. John F. Finerty will lecture on "The Heroic in Irish History," a subject which is certainly not lacking either in scope or inspiration. The exercises will begin at 8 o'clock.

THE ST. VINCENT ASYLUM.

All the Catholic societies of the city will turn out in parade next Tuesday evening, on the occasion of opening the bazaar for the St. Vincent Infant Asylum. There will be a grand torchlight procession, and as the demonstration will be under the direction of Major Peter Kiolbassa, city treasurer, as grand marshal, it is sure to be conducted without a hitch in the programme.

CHARLES M. DOYLE.

The citizens of Chicago, irrespective of party, creed or condition, sincerely sympathize with their respected fellow townsman, Mr. Austin J. Doyle, in the great affliction which recently befell him in the death of his promising son, Charles M. Doyle, who was a valued employé of the City Electrical Department, and who lost his life at the post of duty. THE CITIZEN tenders its respectful sympathy to Mr. Doyle in the hour of bereavement.

The funeral took place from the family residence in Maywood. The remains were borne to St. Luke's Catholic church on Lathrop avenue, and a few moments later a special train of ten coaches from Chicago over the Northwestern line reached there. The special contained 600 or 700 people, who attended the ceremonies at the church and afterwards went to Calvary cemetery to testify their regard for the memory of the brilliant young man who had passed away and their deep sympathies for the stricken father and family.

The neat little country church was filled to overflowing, while scores had to stand on the green sward around the door before the beginning of the impressive religious obsequies, which consisted of a solemn requiem mass and a brief eulogy by the Rev. Father Waldron. The Rev. Father Galligan, of St. Patrick's church, Chicago, was celebrant, the Rev. Father Maloney, of Hyde Park, deacon, and Father Waldron subdeacon. A special choir from this city was present, and most effectively and feelingly rendered the solemn Gregorian chants. They were Miss Nellie McCormick, organist; Mrs. J. J. Ryan, soprano; Miss Lizzie Egan, contralto; and Messrs. Phelan and Hough, bass and tenor. During the offertory Mrs. Ryan sang the solo, "Angels Ever Bright and Fair," with much feeling.

At the close of the mass Father Waldron preached a brief sermon which was most beautiful in words, and tender, poetic, and appropriate in thought. He spoke of the pure and dutiful and gentle character of his departed young friend, of his scholarly instincts, his uprightness and tenderness of soul, his devotion to family and friends, and his love for scientific investigation. A dawning genius was lost to the world in his death. Father Waldron closed his address with these words: "When he found that death was certain he calmly closed the book of life and clasped it with the golden link of faith."

FATHER HAGAN'S CHURCH

St. Francis Xavier's church at LaGrange will be dedicated by the Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan, with imposing ceremonies, next Sunday, June 5, at 10:30 o'clock. The special train for his Grace and Chicago people, on the Burlington Road, will leave Union Depot at 9:15 a.m., stopping at Sixteenth street, Blue Island avenue, and Western avenue. Dr. Burke of New York will preach the sermon.

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

THE LAST LINGUIST

Of Ireland (Perhaps) Being a History of the Causes That Led to the Failure of the Repeal Movement in 1843, and

To the Desolating Famine of 1847-50, by the Late John Mitchel

[In reading the work it must be borne in mind that Mr. Mitchel wrote in 1853-4, and that his letters were addressed to the Hon. Alex. H. Stephens, of Georgia. Also that the Irish population has since experienced a further diminution of 2,500,000.]

CHAPTER I.

"*We are desirous of possessing the good opinion of the virtuous and humane. We are peculiarly desirous of furnishing you with the true state of our motives and objects; the better to enable you to judge of our conduct with accuracy and determine the merits of the controversy with impartiality and precision.*"

These sentences are taken from the "Address to the People of Ireland," by the Continental Congress of America, adopted July, 1775. They fit the other side at present. The Irish people are now the pleaders and appellants. Americans are the virtuous and humane.

In the same address, Congress was pleased to say to the people of Ireland:

"*Your* parliament had done us no wrong. You had ever been friendly to the rights of mankind; and we acknowledge with pleasure and gratitude that your nation has produced patriots who have nobly distinguished themselves in the cause of humanity and America."

Ireland, at that time, had a parliament, and national existence; and her voice counted for something among civilized nations. And Americans, at that time, would have been very unwilling that the civilized world should form its ideas of their rights, wrongs and resistance from the British press; but their eventual success set them quite above that apprehension; for the civilized world "sympathized" with success. Ireland, on the contrary, having been, since that day, *twice* broken, conquered, and utterly ruined, it may seem that the English have a patent right in our history, as well as in everything else of ours, and must not be interrupted or controverted.

Yet there are some circumstances which perplex inquirers who derives his information from the English periodical press. That an island which is said to be an integral part of the richest empire on the globe—and the most fertile portion of that empire;—with British Constitution, *Habeas Corpus*, Members of Parliament, and Trial by Jury—should in five years lose two and a half millions of its people (more than one-fourth) by hunger, and fever, the consequence of hunger, and flight beyond sea to escape from hunger—while that empire of which it is said to be a part was all the while advancing in wealth, prosperity and comfort, at a faster pace than ever before—is a matter that seems to ask elucidation.

In the year 1841, Ireland, a country precisely half the size of the State of Georgia, had a population of 8,175,124. The natural rate of increase of population in Ireland, through all her former troubles, would have given upwards of nine millions in 1851; but in 1851 the Census Commissioners find in Ireland but 6,515,794 living souls. (*Thom's Official Directory.*)

Another thing, which to a spectator must appear anomalous, is that during each of those five years of "famine," from '46 to '51—that famine struck land produced more than double the needful sustenance for all her own people; and of the best and choicest kind. Gov. Wise, of Virginia, was in Brazil while the ends of the earth were resounding with the cry of Irish starvation; and was surprised to see unloaded at Rio abundance of the best quality of packed beef from Ireland. That the people who were dying of hunger did, in each year of their agony, produce upon Irish ground, of wheat and other grain, and of cattle and poultry, more than double the amount that they could all by any gluttony devour, is a fact that must be not only asserted, but proved beyond doubt.

That with 105 members in the parliament of the "United Kingdom," the Irish people (supposing them to suffer any grievance or injustice) could get no redress; that with the British Constitution, *Habeas Corpus*, and Trial by Jury, as aforesaid, most Irishmen you meet with in America tell you there is no Law or Justice to be had in Ireland;—that to the benevolent exertions on a vast scale, which English periodicals assure us were made by the Imperial government to rescue the perishing Irish from their sufferings, that people, though "warm hearted" to a proverb, respond not only with ingratitude, but with imprecations,—that even now, when the country is, we are assured, prosperous and wealthy, there is still an eager, multitudinous emigration, to fly from such prosperity,—that all this time, be the island hungry or well fed, prosperous or insolvent, more than one half of Queen Victoria's army consists of Irishmen, of all ranks and creeds, who fight as zealously for their queen (or at least for their pay), in Russia, India and China, as any other of her troops;—all these phenomena together, present a case not paralleled in any other country or any other age.

A plain narrative of events may throw some light on it. My authorities shall be principally the Parliamentary Reports, as given in the newspapers of the time; Official Returns and Blue Books, as abstracted in the Government Statistical Directories; Speeches of O'Connell and O'Brien, as well as of Palmerston and Russell; Pamphlets and Memoirs which shall be cited hereafter; and my own personal knowledge.

So much by way of preface and programme.

The spring of the year, 1843, opened brightly on Ireland. For years the seasons had been favorable and abundant; and although there had been, as usual, much ejectment and extermination of tenants, and the ordinary and normal amount of distress and hunger; although of the greater products there were greater exports to England, and a larger resort of landlords to England to spend the improved rentals; although every winter was a winter of misery which in any other land of white men would be intolerable;—still there had been no desolating and sweeping "famine" for twenty years.

O'Connell was at the height of his popularity and power. He had wrung from a hostile English ministry Catholic Emancipation, and was now representative in parliament for the county of Cork, the greatest county in Ireland. He had, further, forced from England a measure of municipal reform, which opened the city corporations to Catholics; and had been himself, first Catholic Lord Mayor of Dublin. The people believed he could do anything; and he almost believed it himself. In the beginning of this year he announced that it was the "Repeal year;" asked for three millions of enrolled Repealers in the Repeal Associations; and confidently promised, and fully believed, that no English administration would venture to resist that great measure so enforced. To more thoroughly to arouse the people, he declined to go over to London to take his seat in parliament (many other members following his example) and resolved to hold multitudinous meetings in every quarter of the island.

First, he moved in the Dublin Corporation a resolution, for the adoption of a petition to parliament, demanding a repeal of the union with England—that is to say, demanding back the Irish parliament which had been extinguished in 1800; so that Ireland should once more have her own House of Peers and House of Commons; the Sovereign of England to be also Sovereign of Ireland. His speech was masterly, and covered the whole case. He cited the ablest jurists to show that the so-called Union was in law a nullity; reminded his audience of what was at any rate notorious and never denied—that supposing the two parliaments competent to pass such an act, it had been obtained by fraud and open bribery; an open market of bribery, of which the accounts are extant: £1,275,000 paid to proprietors for the purchase of nomination boroughs, at £15,000 per borough (which seats were immediately filled by English officers and clerks); more than one million sterling expended on mere bribes, the tariff being quite familiar; £8,000 paid for an Union vote, or an office worth £2,000 a year, if the member did not like to touch the ready money; twenty peerages, ten bishoprics one chief justiceship, six puisne judgeships; not to count regiments and ships given to officers in the army and navy; all dispensed as direct payment for their votes. He reminded them that the right of holding public meetings to protest against all this was taken away during the time the Union was in agitation; that county meetings convened by high sheriffs of counties, as in Tipperary and Queen's county, were dispersed by troops; that martial law was in force and the habeas corpus suspended; that, in 1800, the number of soldiers concentrated in that island (half the size of Georgia) was 129,000, as "good lookers-on"; that notwithstanding all intimidation, seven hundred thousand persons had petitioned against the measure; and, notwithstanding enticements, only three thousand had petitioned for it, most of these being government officials and prisoners in the gaols. If he had stopped here, most persons would think it enough; *that* was a deed which at the earliest possible moment must be undone and punished.

But he did not stop here; he went into all the details of ruined trade and manufactures since the Union—immensely increased drains in the shape of absentee rents and usurious taxation—frauds in subjecting Ireland to a charge for the *English* national debt, and even charging to Ireland's special account the very moneys expended in bribes and military expenses for carrying the Union; which he said was about as far as "making Ireland pay for the knife with which Lord Castlereagh cut his throat;"—injustice in giving Ireland but 100 members in the house of commons while her population and revenue entitle her to 175; and above all, the injustice of fixing the qualification of *electors* of these members much higher in Ireland, the poorer country, than in England.

This is a sketch only of the case for Repeal of the Union;—the necessity for some remedy or other was only too apparent in the poverty and wretchedness which moved and scandalized all Europe—in the increasing beggary, notwithstanding the new Poor Law,—a measure which had been forced on the country against its will, and was totally unsuited to it.

The petition for repeal was adopted by a vote of forty-one to fifteen in the Dublin Corporation; and a similar petition shortly after by the Corporation of Cork. Hitherto the English press, and the Irish press in the English interest, looked on with affected or real indifference and contempt.

The spring opened, and O'Connell left Dublin for the provinces. Then began the series of vast open-air meetings, to which the peasantry, accompanied by their priests, Repeal Wardens, and "Temperance bands," flocked in numbers varying from 50,000 to 250,000,—(I take the reduced and disparaging estimates of enemies; but the Repeal newspapers put up the Tara meeting to 400,000). Of course the orator always addressed these multitudes; but, though his voice was the most powerful of his day, he could not be heard by a tenth of them. Neither did they come to hear; they were all well indoctrinated by local Repeal Wardens; had their minds made up, and came to convince their leader that they were with him, and would be ready at any time when called upon.

But all was to be peaceable. They were to demand their rights imperatively; they were, he assured them, all men and strong; at every monster meeting he had around him, as he often said, the materials of a greater army than both the armies combined that fought at Waterloo. But, he said:

"But take heed not to misconceive me. Is it by force or violence, bloodshed, or turbulence that I shall achieve this victory, dear above all earthly considerations to my heart? No! perish the thought for ever. I will do it by legal, peaceable, and constitutional means alone,—by the electricity of public opinion, by the moral combination of good men, and by the enrollment of four millions of Repealers. I am a disciple of that sect of politicians who believe that the greatest of all sublunary blessings is too dearly purchased at the expense of a single drop of human blood."

Many persons did not understand this sort of language; and, what is worse, did not believe him since he is using it. The prevailing impression was that while the Repeal Association was a peaceful body, contemplating only "constitutional agitation," yet the parade of such immense masses of physical force had an ulterior meaning, and indicated that if the British parliament remained absolutely insensible to the reasonable demands of the people, the association must be dissolved; and the next question would be how best and soonest to exterminate the British forces. I say of my own knowledge that many who were close to O'Connell expected all along that the English parliament and government never would yield; and these would have taken small interest in the movement if it was never to go beyond speeches and cheers.

Meanwhile, nothing could be more peaceful, orderly, and good humored than the meetings. Father Mathew's temperance reformation had lately been working its wonders; and all the people were sober and quiet. Repeal Wardens everywhere organized an "O'Connell Police," with wands, and any person of the whole immense multitude who was even noisy was instantly and quietly removed. The government, indeed, soon took alarm, or affected to do so, for the peace of the country; and they sent large forces of armed constabulary to bivouac on the ground; but there never was the slightest excuse for interference.

The movement of the people, throughout this whole summer, was profound and sweeping; it carried along with it irresistibly the Catholic clergy, though in many cases against their will; but they were of the people, bound up with the people, dependent on the people, and found it their best policy to move not only with the people, but at their head. The Catholic bishops and archbishops gave in their adhesion, and began to take the chair at meetings; the French and German press began to notice the struggle and eagerly watch how England would deal with it. At last, on April 27, Mr. Lane Fox, a Tory member of parliament, gave notice, "That it is the duty of her Majesty's government to take immediate steps to put an end to the agitation for Repeal"—and on the same day Lord Eliot, chief secretary for Ireland, gave notice of a bill "for the regulation of *arms* in Ireland." At the same moment the funds fell one and a half per cent.

The first threat of coercion brought important accessions to the ranks of the Repealers; and the monster meetings became now more monstrous than ever; but, if possible, even gayer and more good-humored. O'Connell appeared in the Repeal Association on the Monday after Mr. Lane Fox's notice of motion; and on the proceedings being interrupted for a moment by the braying of a donkey on Burgh-quay, he said gently: "Maybe that's Lane Fox": whereupon the braying was in turn drowned by roars of laughter. Mr. Lane Fox wrote a newspaper letter to O'Connell, inquiring when he would be in his place in parliament, that the motion to put down Repeal might be proceeded with. O'Connell replied by a card, recommending the friends of that gentleman "to obtain for him that protection which the court in matters of lunacy is enabled to give," etc. At another meeting he exclaimed:

"That man is one of the legislators for Ireland; and though I went to parliament as the representative of 7,000 Irishmen in the county of Cork, the individual who can talk such nonsense is equal to me there. If I had no other reason for looking for a repeal of the Union than that Mr. Lane Fox is a legislator for Ireland, I never cheered my beagles upon a drag with one-half the voice that I would hunt this foolish fox."

His sarcasm was bitter, his reasoning irrefragible, his array multitudinous in its peaceful might; but in the meantime Lord Eliot was preparing his Arms Bill (an invention which I shall presently describe); and on the 9th of May, the Duke of Wellington in the lords, and Sir Robert Peel in the commons, declared that all the resources of the empire should be exerted to preserve the Union; and Sir Robert Peel added, quoting Lord Althrop, that, deprecating civil war as he did, he should hold civil war preferable to the "dismemberment of the Empire." Mr. Bernal [Osborne] instantly asked Sir Robert, as he cited Lord Althrop's words, "whether he would abide by another declaration of that noble lord, namely, that if all the members for Ireland should be in favor of Repeal, he would consider it his duty to grant it." And Sir Robert Peel replied: "I do not recollect that Lord Althorp ever made any such declaration; but if he did, *I am not prepared to abide by it.*"

At this point issue was joined. The majority of the Irish nation desired to undo the union with England; but England declared that if all Ireland demanded that measure, England would rather drown the demand in blood.

In the next chapter I shall endeavor to give an idea of the *personnel* of the Repeal Association and its enemies.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

Maurice is Warlike.

The meeting last Sunday was attended by sixty members, and the proposition was discussed regarding the formation of a military company to be drilled in the Irish language, and to wear an Emmet uniform—green, gold and blue, with a cream-colored stripe two inches wide on the outside seam of the trousers. Whether the hat would be of bearskin or cloth will be decided at the next meeting. Now is the time for those young men who are "wasting their sweetness on the desert air" of the prairies to lay by their scythes now and then and learn the use of the sword and musket; for assuredly unless Gladstone gives the people of Ireland a liberal measure of Home Rule there will be a resort to arms without further postponement. This gives a grand opportunity to some dozen or more Irish-American gentlemen to become officers of the new organization, the first really established for an invasion of England.

Dá bhrí sin a mhuintir na h-Eirionn cuirig gualadh le guadhain chum Cath go dtí na bas do thabhairt do na Sasanaigh craodhseach agus chum tesbiúd do go bhuil ar bh-foide agus ar gcroidhthe dunta no chuinne go brath. Is an sgoil gaca son Domhnaca an's an t-thomra a bhaness leis an saol Vn Cleve air an dara urlar o'n a tri go cuig do'n chlog.

MAURICE CREAN, Sec'y.

"Thank You,"

is what Mrs. Paisley, of Newburgh, N.Y., always says to Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cured her of a severe case of scrofula and eczema, and she has reason to be grateful.

If you are Bilious take Hood's Pills.

The Collapse of a Rotten Tenement,

With crumbling foundation and shaky, bulging walls, is not more certainly to be looked for than the sudden giving way of a constitution sapped by overwork, unremitting anxiety or exposure to hardship and malign climatic influences. Against the disastrous effects of each and all of these, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is an effectual safeguard. It fortifies the system against them by infusing into it fresh vigor begotten of renewed and complete digestion and assimilation of the food, and its consequent reparative action upon the exhausted tissues and impoverished circulation. No preparative for the undergoing, without injury, of an unusual amount of bodily or mental work, no means of averting malarial infection, or disorders born of bad diet and impure water equals this superlatively fine defensive invigorant. Take it for dyspepsia, constipation, biliousness, rheumatism, kidney trouble, la grippe.

A. O. H.

All members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians in Cook county are requested to meet on next Tuesday evening, June 7, at 7:30 p.m., at the corner of Madison and Market streets, to participate in the grand parade of the Catholic societies of Chicago. It is earnestly desired that every Hibernian should be present on this occasion, as the object of the parade is a most laudable one—to encourage the good and charitable people who are so thoroughly interesting themselves in making the bazaar for the St. Vincent Infant Asylum at this city a brilliant and crowning success.

P. B. FLANAGAN,
County Delegate.

OS, MACS AND FITZES

Constitute the Bulk of the Irish People, Intermixed With Saxons, Danes and "Palatines"

An Interesting Paper on Irish Genealogy by a Very Pleasing and Instructive Writer.

The surnames of the Milesian families were prefixed with Mac and with O; the latter predominating with kings, princes, nobles and distinguished men.

Although the use of Irish surnames was forbidden under severe penalties by English monarchs, they were still retained in Ireland, and the Macs and the Os were conspicuous among saints, great prelates, statesmen, great soldiers and celebrated scholars among the countries of Europe, and among enterprising merchants and adventurers throughout the civilized world.

Omitting the names still in use with the prefix Mac, the following Irish names which should have this prefix, are now in general use:

Brady	Breen	Brennan
Campbell	Cassidy	Casserly
Clancy	Coggan	Coughlan
Colgan	Colman	Conroy
Corcoran	Costello	Curtin
Dunlevy,	Eagan	Gaffney
Gilduff	Gilfoyle	Gilligan
Gilmichael	Gilmore	Kenny
Keogh	Lysaght	Martin
Maurice	Philip	Pierce
Patrick	Rafferty	Rannall
Reynolds	Scanlon	Shane
Shanley	Sheehan	Teige
Thomas	Tully	Ward
Williams		

These families have dropped the prefix of Mac. They are all, however, of pure Milesian descent, as are also the O families, comprising:

Ahern	Bannon	Behan
Bolger	Boylan	Breen
Brennan	Carey	Carberry
Carroll	Casey	Coshin
Cassidy,	Coffey	Colgan
Coleman	Connaughton	Connor
Considine	Cooney	Corcoran
Cosgrove	Cowhey	Creagh
Creedon	Crotty	Crowley
Cullen	Cullinan,	Curry
Daly	Deas	Danagher
Delaney	Dempsey	Devlin
Devine	Dinnan	Dogherty
Dolan	Donnegan	Donellan
Donoghoe	Donnelly	Dooley
Doran	Donovan	Doyle
Dowling	Drinnan	Driscol
Duff	Duffy	Dagan
Dunne	Dunn	Devanny
Dwyer	Early	Fahy
Fay	Falvey	Farrell
Flaherty	Flannisan	Flannery
Finerty	Finnegan	Fogarty
Fury	Gallagher	Garvey
Gorman	Gormley	Gowan
Grady	Hogan	Hagarty
Halloran	Hanley	Hammil
Hanlon	Hanrahan	Hanratty
Harney	Healy	Hart
Heany	Heffernan	Henry
Hennessy	Herlihy	Hoyne
Higgins	Hoolaghan	Horan
Hosey	Hurley	Kane
Kean	Kearney	Keely
Keenan	Kelly	Kenealy
Kennedy	Kinny	Kernaghan
Keveny	Killeen	Kirwick
Lane	Lanigan	Larkin
Laverly	Lawlor	Leahy
Lenaghan	Leary	Lennan
Leddy	Lonargan	Longan
Lynch	Macken	Madden
Mahony	Malone	Manning
Marky	Meagher	Mearn
Meehan	Meeny	Mellan
Melford	Milliken	Moloney
Monoghan	Mooney	Moore
Moran	Morny	Moriarty
Morrisey	Mulally	Muldoon
Mulledy	Mulrooney	Mulvey
Mullen	Mulligan	Mulloy
Murphy	Muredy	Nolan
Neenan	Quinn	Rafferty
Riordan	Regan	Tierney
Ronan	Reilly	Roony
Ryan	Ronayne	Scanlan
Scully	Shea	Sheridan
Sheehan	Shiel	Spillanne
Sullivan		

These are all names of ancient Irish stock. However numerous the variations which may have befallen them in this country and elsewhere, there can be no question as to their origin, and in both cases they comprise the greater number the "Mac" and the "O" families of the Irish race.

Twice were the lands of Ireland distributed among English favorites, to English soldiers and resident and non resident adventurers.

First, and during Catholic times, and to a considerable extent when the Anglo-Normans became masters after the defeat of the Irish kings and nobles; and second, after the Reformation, when under Henry, Elizabeth and succeeding dynasties and rulers, the Irish and English Catholics who refused to apostatize were despoiled of their possessions, which became the reward of apostate noblemen, court favorites, soldiers, and both resident and non-resident adventurers.

The spoliation and consequent ruin was general; the church by law established" came in for a large share and the balance was divided among the majority of the English families, who at the beginning of the present century, with the "established church," possessed the greater part of Ireland outside Ulster, besides large possessions in that province.

Archbold	Allan	Agar
Annesly	Aldrich	Alcock
Archer	Anthony	Ameas
Athy	Audley	Astel
Aylmer	Aylward	Ball
Barry	Bagot	Barrett
Barker	Barnwall	Barron
Bagg	Bagnell	Barrington
Bellew	Beaumont	Beamish
Bermingham	Benson	Bernard
Berkley	Beecher	Beresford
Berrill	Bingley	Bingham
Bisset	Bird	Botet
Bolton	Bodkin	Bowen
Boyd	Boyce	Blount
Blake	Blackwood	Blackney
Blennerhasset	Blundel	Bloomfield
Brownlow	Bruen	Burton
Brab'zon	Blaquier	Bradley
Brownell	Browne	Barbarry
Brereton	Brett	Brooke
Bary	Brokerick	Bushe
Burrowes	Burdet	Butler
Burke	Bourke	Cantwell
Carew	Caulfield	Cadell
Canton	Carpenter	Carroll
Chetwind	Carr	Cavendish
Carlton	Child	Chamberlain
Chichester	Chinnery	Clinton
Cholmondley	Christmas	Clement
Cole	Codd	Cooper
Cogan	Cope	Corry
Crosby	Coddington	Copeland
Coote	Cradon	Cobb
Core	Cotton	Conyn
Courtney	Comerford	Coach
Cockayne	Craddock	Cromwell
Corr	Coghill	Crookshank
Creighton	Croker	Crosby
Croke	Calme	Crofton
Creagh	Cusack	Caffee
Deway	Davis	Dawson
DeBirmingham	Darcy	Daunt
DeFleming	DeCourcy	Decogan
Downey	DeAlton	DeGernon
DeClare	DeBathe	DeExter
DeMassue	DeLaHyde	DeHereford
DeMoleyn	DeRiddleford	DeNugent
DeSt. Michael	DeVerdon	DePepaid
Dillon	DeVesey	DeLacy
DeSpencer	Disney	DeLowndes
Deane	Derenzy	Denny
Despard	Darwelle	Digby
Dowdall	Dongan	Doblin
Domville	Down	Dyne
Drake	Drought	Dobbs
Dunloe	Dutton	Drew
Duff	Edgeworth	Dacket
Esmond	Eustace	Elliot
Fain	Fairfax	Evans
Ferard	Fitzeustace	Falkner
Fitzmaurice	Fitzgerald	Fitzharris
FitzRichard	Fish	Fitzsimons
Field	Fleming	Fitzwilliam
Foster	Flower	Fisher
Folliot	Flowerdew	Fortescue
Foster	Fox	Forward
Freke	Furlong	French
Gamble	Garret	Fyres
Garnett	Gardiner	Gage
Gorges	Gough	Ginkle
Grace	Grimes	Godfrey
Grattan	Gunn	Green
Hart	Hatton	Hammond
Hare	Hastings	Harding
Hartpole	Harvey	Harman
Hewitt	Herbert	Hunger
Heneker	H'therington	Hayes
Heyburn	Holt	Hill
Hopkins	Hollywood	Hovenden
Howth	Hodnet	Howard
Hussey	Humphrey	Holmes
Hoare	Hyde	Hutchins'n
Irwin	Jacob	Hughes
Jackson	Jephson	Jordan
Johnson	Keane	Joyce
Kemmis	King	Kent
Kenney	Key	Keating
Kingsmill	Knight	Kirwan
Lawless	L'Estrange	Lambert
Lea	Leigh	Langeishe
Lesley	Loftus	LePoer
Leonard	Leeson	Lombard
Luttrell	Lyster	Logan
Mandeville	Massey	Maude
Martell	Mansfield	Mahon
Matthew	Marward	Masterson
Metge	Macartney	Martin
Marburie	Meagh	Maynard
Montgomery	Molesworth	Moore
Morris	Morgan	Monsel
Nangle	Nash	Monson
Needham	Nugent	Nesbit
Newport	Nellerville	Newen
Ogle	Ormsby	Odel
Purcell	Parsons	Osborn
Palmer	Packenham	Parnell
Percival	Peppard	Penefather
Phepoes	Perry	Petty
Petitt	Piggott	Pitt
Power	Pope	Powell
Phipps	Preston	Prendergast
Pulland	Probys	
Purcell	Roe	Richards
Quinn	Ridgeway	Rice (Spring)
Rawson	Roche	
Riddle	Ram	Redmond
Roth	Rochefort	Rossiter
Russell	Rowleston	Roper
Rush	Ruxton	Sarsfield
Savadge	Saville	Seagrave
Shaw	Savage	Sandford
Shirley	Scudamore	Sedborow
St. Lawrence	Shortall	Sienot
Shirlock	Skeffington	Sibthorp
St. John	Spring Rice	Stackpole
Strong	Sueyde	Spring
Stafford	Stapleton	Stack
Stratford	Staunton	Smythe
Staples	Stanhurst	Smith
Stritche	Southwell	Sutton
Synge	Talbot	Temple
Supple	Taaffe	Taylor
Tew	Tighe	Trenche
Tobin	Tracy	Tinglase
Townsend	Toler	Trevor
Tottenham	Tuite	Usher
Uniac	Trevillian	Tyrrell
Vernon	Verrecker	Vernor
Vincent	Verney	Vesey
Warren	Waldron	Walpole
Ward	Wall	Wenman
Walshe	Wandesford	Wellesl'y
Westenra	Whaley	Wharton
Wingfield	Wilmot	Westby
Wiloughby	White	Wilden
Wirrall	Woder	Yelvert'n

These, at the present day, form the great majority of the Irish nobility, gentry and other classes of English descent; and many of these names are prominent in the United States and in the colonial dependencies of England. The following English families adopted Irish surnames, says Dr. MacDermott, in note on page 314, "Annals of the Four Masters":

"De Burgo or Burke, of Connaught, took the name of MacWilliam, and some of them MacPhilip; De Angulos or Nangle, changed the name to MacCostello; De Exter, of Mayo, to MacJordan; Barrett, of Mayo, to MacWatin; Staunton, of Mayo, to McAveely; De Bermingham, of Connaught and other places, to MacPeorais; Fitzsimmons, of King's county, to MacRuddery; Poers of Kilkenny and Waterford, to MacShere; Butler, to Mc Pierce; Fitzgerald, to MacThomas and MacMaurice; DeCourcey, of Cork, to Mc Patrick; Barry, of Cork, to MacAdam, and many others in like manner. In the reigns of the Henrys and Edwards, many penal acts of parliament were passed compelling the ancient Irish to adopt English surnames, and the English language, dress, manners and customs, and no doubt many of the Milesian Irish took English surnames in those times to protect their lives and properties, as otherwise they forfeited their goods and were liable to be punished as Irish enemies; and many of them have so translated and twisted their surnames, that it is extremely difficult to determine whether those families are of Irish or English extraction; hence several of them of Irish origin are considered to be of English descent." There are many families in Ireland of French descent, the more prominent of whom have been identified with the country during the past, and are prominent in banking, commercial and professional circles at the present time; a few only of these names occur to my memory, and they are cited to show the marked difference between the English and Irish names; they are La Vallon, La Touche, Saurin, Touchet and Tonson. It would be strange, considering the important part played by the Danes in the early history of Ireland, and particularly from Dublin to Cork, if there were not many families of Danish descent; there is no question that there are many descendants of this race in the maritime counties of Ireland, but as a rule they bear no distinctive surnames such as are familiar to the present day among the Scandinavians. Dr. MacDermott in his annotations to the "Annals of Ireland by the Four Masters," remarks, page 543:

"Many families of Danish origin took Irish surnames, prefixing O and Mac, so that their descent cannot now be ascertained, and several of their chiefs took Irish Christian names, particularly that of Patrick, in honor of the patron saint of Ireland. The Danes and Norwegians being in possession of Dublin, and some other parts of the country, and having maintained their colonies there for more than 300 years, there is, consequently, much of the Danish blood in the counties of Dublin and Meath, particularly in Fingall, and there are many families of Danish descent mixed by intermarriage with the old Milesian Irish.

"It is traditionally stated that great numbers of the Northmen were red-haired, particularly the Norwegians, who generally had fair or reddish hair and florid complexions, and to the present time red-haired persons in Ireland are considered by the common people to be of Danish origin."

The following are the names of Irish families of acknowledged Danish descent, viz: Blacker, Betgh, Coppinger, Cruise, Drumgoole, Dowdall, Everard, Fagan, Godfrey, Gould, Gilbert, Gallway, Harold, Palmer, Plunket, Skiddy, Sweetman, Terry, Tuke, Trant and Stack. With the exception of Harold and Sweetman, there is no apparent affinity with these names and the Scandinavian surnames of the present day.

These families are to be found in the counties of Dublin, Meath, Lough, Longford, Cavan, Cork, Limerick and Kerry.

The Plunkets, earls of Fingall, are a very numerous and distinguished family of Danish origin. Many of the best families of Scotland are of Irish descent, among whom are the Campbells, of which the Duke of Argyle is chief. The rulers of Scotland for many centuries came from Ireland, before the heel of the English invader had polluted Irish soil. The royal house of Stuart is of Irish descent, and it fell to James Stuart, first of this unfortunate race of English monarchs, to dispossess the Catholic nobles of Ulster, and to confiscate their titles to the lands of seven counties, including Armagh, Antrim, Derry, Donegal, Cavan, Farmanagh and Tyrone. In order to wipe out the Catholic faith in these counties, the lands were given to British companies and to Scotch adventurers, who planted colonies opposed to the religion of the natives of the soil. The Scotch colonists were the disciples of Knox and intensely bigoted.

This undertaking is known in the dark pages of Irish history, as the "Plantation of Ulster." It took place 1606 1612 The British grantees include some noblemen; and large grants were secured by London Guilds and corporate organizations, who sent colonists to occupy the territory thus acquired.

The colonists in these seven counties were called planters and undertakers, the majority of whom came from Scotland. This is claimed to be the origin of the "Scotch-Irish." Alien in religious belief, many of these colonists were of ancient Milesian stock.

Ulster became the petted and favored province of Ireland on the part of the anti-Catholic elements of England and Scotland. English capital was unstintedly furnished enterprising men for manufacturing purposes; the linen and lace factories, established at an early day, grew in extent, and these, with other kindred enterprises, when not hampered and crushed by British parliamentary enactments, prompted by the greed and jealousy of British traders, flourished.

As late as 1840, Ulster was a sort of manufacturing annex to Glasgow and other Scottish industrial districts.

To the eternal honor of the Presbyterians of Ulster, it should be stated that they were opposed to British misrule and tyranny. In the great rebellion of 1798 many prominent leaders of the United Irishmen were North of Ireland Presbyterians.

Omitting the "Macs" of this and other Irish provinces, the following were among the leading Scottish families in Ireland when Ireland was reft of her native parliament:

Acheson, Asche, Atkinson, Alexander, Bennett, Babbington, Bailie, Belfor, Colclough, Cunningham, Craig, Davies, Dunbar, Drummond, Fetherson, Ferguson, Gore, Grant, Hume, Kennedy, Knox, Leighton, Lowther, Lindsay, Lynn, Maxwell, Mannering, Moreton, Murray, Morrogh, Newcomen, Prittie, Roe, Richardson, Rowley, Saunderson, Stewart, Scott, Terry, Wilson, Wray.

Among the creations of Irish nobility during the reign of the first of the Georges, was Lord Southwell. This "nobleman" had large possessions in the county of Limerick which had been cleared of their Catholic holders; in furtherance of the plan to wipe out the ancient Irish race and to obliterate the Catholic faith in Ireland, Lord Southwell, in 1725, brought from one of the German Protestant provinces of the Rhine a colony of German families numbering perhaps 1,000 or more souls. To these families he gave land on long leases and on nominal terms, placing them near his family seat, Court-Matress. These Germans were called "Palatines." Ferrar, the historian of Limerick, describes this German colony as it appeared in 1780.

"They preserve their language, but it is declining; they sleep between two beds; they appoint a burgomaster to whom they appeal in all disputes. They are industrious men and have leases from the proprietors of the land at reasonable rents; they are, consequently, better fed and clothed than the generality of Irish peasants. Besides, their modes of husbandry and crops are better than those of their neighbors.

"They have by degrees left off their sourkraut and feed on potatoes, milk, butter, oaten and wheaten bread, some meat and fowls, of which they rear many.

"They have stables, cow-houses and neat kitchen gardens; and their houses are neat and clean. The women are very industrious and perform many things which the Irish women could never be prevailed on to do; besides caring for their households and children, they reap the corn, plow the ground and assist the men in everything. In fact the Palatines are a laborious, independent people, who are mostly employed on their own small farms."

Sixty years later, 1840, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, in their descriptive account of Ireland, describe the "Palatines" as different in character and distinct in habits from the people of the country. "We visited several of their cottages in the neighborhood of Adare; and the neatness, good order, and quantity and quality of the furniture—useful and ornamental—too surely indicated that we were not in a merely Irish cabin. The elders of the family preserve in a great degree, the language, customs, and religion of their old country; but the younger mingle and marry with their Irish neighbors. The men are fine, tall, stout fellows, but reserved in their aspect; the women are sombre looking and their large blue eyes are neither bright nor expressive. They are in all respects the very opposite in character to the smiling, hospitable and open-hearted Irish women.

It would appear from the Halls' account of the "Palatines," that this last colonization scheme has failed in its main object, and that the Irish lads and lassies will, most probably, succeed in changing, not the race characteristics, but the religious peculiarities of the descendants of Lord Southwell's German Protestant colonists.

Their surnames cannot be given with exactitude, but their ancestral Fritzs, Metas, Elias, Ruths and Ebenezers are common among them all.—*Richard R Elliott, of Detroit, Mich., in an exchange.*

GAELIC POETRY.

A Mhaire a Ruin.

A Mháire a rúin, is tú bláth na n-úbhall,
Na mealladh Múimhneach thú, a ghrádh,
Do chuirfeadh sé a g-céill duit, le briathraibh béil,
Céig céad bréag a n-dá uair de lá:—
B'fearr liom féin thú bheith choidhche a g-céin,
Mar bhídheas na ceadta ban is fearr,
Na bheith pósta ag réic, do shiúbhal an t-saoghal,
Ag déanamh bréag 's ag mealladh mná.

Do shaoil mé stóirín, mar do bhí tú óg, deas,
Go n-deanfádh deónadh air éulóghadh liom,
'S nach bh-fuil tráthnóna ná oidhché Dhómhnaigh,
Nach tusa an t-seoid bhíodh air an m-bealach rómham:
Shiúbhailfinn bóithre agus coillte cnódh leat,
Choidhche a's go deoigh ní bhíadh orrainn bróo,
Dá m-béidhinn-se dom' phósadh leat a mhíle stóirín,
'S mo lámh so módhmhar ad' bhrollach bhán.

An cuimhneach leat an oidhche úd, uim fhéile Brighide,
A rabhamar shíos air an Mullach mór,
Is duit-se, a fhaoileann, thug mé gean le díograis,
Mar bhí tú aoibhinn, deas, áluinn, óg:
Is tú go cinnte, do mharbh m' intinn,
Agus leágh na Múmhan ní dhéanfadh mé slán,
'S go bh-fuil mo chroidhe 'stigh 'nna mhíle píosa,
Nuair nach bh-fághaim cead sínte lem' mhuirnín bhán.

A réiltionn mhía tais, ná tréig mé choidhche,
'S a liacht codla oidhche do chaill mé leat,
Tá fuil mo chroidhe 'stigh,'nna bradáin chríona,
Le gean dod' ghnaoi, a's dod' chail, a shearc;
M' uch ó, i óch! a's mo mhíle brón ghuirt!
Gan an oidhche rómham 's mé bheith pósta leat!
Acht 'níos ó's eol dam, go bráth nach geabhair liom,
Mo mhíle stóirín, mo bheannacht leat!

THE Curran Hall Building and Loan Association, which meets every Tuesday evening at No. 350 Blue Island avenue, matured its first series on Tuesday evening last. The payments per share were $76, each share having earned $24 The society has been very successful. A new series is now open, and parties about to join should get a copy of the last statement from S. M. Gilmore, the efficient secretary, or from James O'Connell, attorney, 916 Opera House building. The society has loaned one hundred thousand dollars to members on real estate, and has never had a foreclosure suit.

THE American Casualty Insurance and Security Company writes all kinds of casualty insurance and furnishes guarantee bonds. Its assets are larger than any other casualty company and its expense ratio is the smallest.

JAMES W. NYE,
Western Manager,
The Temple, Monroe and LaSalle streets.

The nip of a poisonous snake is but a slight remove from being more dangerous than the poison of Scrofula in the blood. Ayer's Sarsaparilla purifies the vital fluid, expels all poisonous substances, and supplies the elements of life, health, and strength.

Two Daily Trains to Montana and Pacific Coast.

On and after April 3 the Northern Pacific railroad will run two daily trains to Helena, Butte, Spokane, Tacoma, Seattle and Portland, leaving St. Paul at 9 a. m. and 4:15 p. m., respectively, with complete equipment of Pullman first-class sleepers, tourist sleeping cars, free colonist sleepers, day coaches and dining cars.

Through Pullman and tourist sleeping cars will leave Chicago 10:45 p. m. daily, via Wisconsin Central line, for Montana and the Pacific Northwest. First-class vestibule sleeper will leave Chicago 6 p.m. daily, via C., M. & St. P. Ry. for Butte, Spokane, Tacoma and Portland.

Montana, Eastern and Western Washington Folders, "Wonderland" Book, Sportsmen's Guide, Yellowstone Park, Broadwater, Hot Springs and Alaska Folders for the season of 1892, are now out of press. Any of these publications will be mailed free on application to general or district passenger agents, Northern Pacific railroad, or to Chas. S Fee, G. P. & T. A. N P. R. R., St. Paul Minn.

Dandruff is due to an enfeebled state of the skin. Hall's Hair Renewer quickens the nutritive functions of the skin, healing and preventing the formation of dandruff.

Good Farm Land For Sale,

At low prices, near Stuart, in southwestern Iowa. Large Irish Catholic population, and resident priest, Rev. Father Foley. Stuart is forty miles west of Des Moines, on the C., R I. & P. R. R., and has a population of about 3,000 people. We have also a railroad division station, round house and machine shops, employing nearly 400 men. Good mechanics can generally find steady employment at fair wages. We would like to have more of our people come here. Improved farms sell at from $20 to $35 per acre. For information call on or address

S. MONAHAN, Stuart, Ia.

VISITATION AND AID SOCIETY.

The June meeting of the Visitation and Aid Society was held on Wednesday evening last in the Union Catholic Library Association hall. An interesting report was read by the secretary showing work accomplished by the various departments during the month of May, a brief synopsis being herewith given. In addition to the secretary's report, the committee having charge of the V. & A. table at the St. Vincent Infant Asylum Bazaar reported that numerous articles had been contributed and cash donations received. At the conclusion of the various reports Rev. Hugh McGuire addressed the meeting on the subject of charity.

Following is the secretary's report: The board of directors report that during the month of May the usual work of the Society has been carried on, and it would seem that the work is increasing. This is evident from the statistical reports as well as from the fact that the agent and officer find it impossible to attend to all the calls made upon them. Application for relief and assistance, 18; transportation, 2; sent to hospitals 2; adoption, 14; infirmary, 2; children reported to office, 35; children found at police stations, 36 These children were sent to the various Catholic institutions or placed in homes. Reported 4 cases to St. Vincent de Paul Society. Sent one person to Canada, another to St Louis; four families in distress sent to Children's Aid Society, and three to Chicago Relief and Aid Society.

The Cook County Infirmary was visited during the month on each Sunday, Tuesday and Friday by Rev. Henry Baselmans, S J., accompanied by members of the Society. Nine masses were said, 198 confessions heard, and 195 received holy communion; 17 persons were anointed, 9 children and 3 adults baptized; 11 persons instructed for baptism, two adults received their first communion; 24 Catholics died in the institution during the month. The librarian circulated 477 books; letters were written, fruit, magazines and papers distributed through the wards.

The Bridewell has been visited three Sundays since the last meeting; mass was said each Sunday, and a very instructive sermon delivered by Rev. Paul Ponziglione, S J.; confessions were heard and a number of the inmates received holy communion.

A special effort is being made by the Society to procure a building which will afford temporary shelter to helpless women and children in distress. So far Mr. P. T. Gillespie, chairman of the building committee has secured $6,000 in subscriptions—$5,000 being donated by one lady.

Sunday Service.

On Sunday, May 22, the Wisconsin Central lines resumed its popular train service between Chicago, Waukesha and the Lake Region. Trains leave the Grand Central Passenger Station for Lake Villa (Fox Lake), Antioch, Mukwonago and Waukesha at 8:30 a. m., Sunday, arriving at Lake Villa, 10:33 a. m; Antioch, 10:40 a. m.; Mukwonago, 11:40 a. m.; and Waukesha, 11:59 a. m. Returning trains leave Waukesha at 4:45 p.m; Mukwonago, 5:05 p. m.; Antioch, 6:18 p.m.; Lake Villa, 6:30 p. m.; arriving at Chicago at 8:45 p. m. For the accommodation of excursionists desiring to remain in the country over Sunday "The Business Man's Special" will again be placed in service. This train will leave Waukesha at 5:30 a.m., arriving at Chicago at 8:50 a. m. For tickets, time tables and pamphlets apply to GEORGE K. THOMPSON, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, or to JAMES C. POND, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

To Reproduce Irish Buildings

A member of parliament, in writing to the Belfast *News* and Boston *Pilot* on the subject of the Irish exhibit at Chicago, suggests that in the line of illustration of historical buildings in the United States and foreign countries some of the famous and noted buildings in Dublin be represented at the fair. In the course of his letter he suggests that, being upon the very verge of home rule in Ireland, probably at the very time when the Columbian exposition at Chicago is at its height the Magna Charta of Ireland will be fighting its way through the British parliament; all the world will be interested, and the United States especially, in the political changes that may ensue.

He suggests a reproduction in fac simile of the old parliament house in College Green, Dublin, and part, if only a facade of Trinity college; plaster replicas of Foley's statues of Burke, Goldsmith and Grattan Then a section illustrating the old Irish parliament house might be created, and a faithful reproduction of the Irish house of commons as it was in the days of Grattan, Plunket, Curran and other national celebrities of the Emerald isle.

HEALY ON SALISBURY.

Tim Healy, on May 11. addressing a Liberal mass meeting in East London, dealt as follows with Salisbury's Orange speech: "Well, I thank God for having a Lord Salisbury there (laughter) for I maintain that if there was not a Lord Salisbury at the head of a Tory party it would be necessary for his enemies to invent one (laughter and hear, hear); and now I will show you that the men whom he is now keeping in his English jails, like James Egan, whom I saw at Portland last month, or John Daly, who are quartered like slaves for alleged dynamite outrages, are, in my judgment, justified in their alleged conduct out of the mouth of the prime minister of England (loud cheers) I say that dynamite, after Lord Salisbury's speech, has been legalized by the first minister of the Queen (loud cheers). He told the minority in Ulster to rebel. What about the majority in Ireland? (Hear, hear). Col. Saunderson (laughter) told us last night that if an Irish parliament was erected they would pull it down (renewed laughter) If those be the rights of a minority towards the legally constituted government of their country under a parliament, with what justice are American dynamitards detained at Chatham or Portland? (Cheers.) If Col. Saunderson may pull down a constitutional parliament in Dublin, why may not Dr. Gallagher blow down with dynamite a constitutional parliament at Westminster? (Loud cheers) Is it to the methods or to the ends of the dynamitards that the Tory party object? Is the difference between Col. Saunderson and Dr. Gallagher that Col. Saunderson proposes to use a less effective explosive, namely gunpowder? I don't catch the distinction myself, and if I am to be blown up, for choice I prefer dynamite. I think if I have got to be killed I am in favor of the short crop, and a minister of the Queen is not ashamed, aided and abetted by the great Whig statesman the Duke of Devonshire (hisses), to recommend a small section of two or three counties in Ireland to go into rebellion against the laws constitutionally enacted in the parliament of the Three Kingdoms (hear, hear) Well, there is one excuse for his lordship——

A Voice—He is a fool (great laughter)

Mr. Healy—That is in the nature of an antecedent objection, but the excuse I'll make for him is by way of special demurer, and it is this, that he commends Col. Saunderson to load his blunderbus because he knows he will never fire it off. (Laughter and cheers)

There will be turned out from the Mountcharles quarries, in the county of Donegal, the block of stone out of which will be carved the largest memorial cross yet erected in Ireland, which is to be placed over the grave of the late Dr. McGettigan, Primate of All Ireland. The cross will stand twenty-five feet high, with groups of figures carved on each side, representing subjects in the old and new testaments.

Elegant Service

At 5:45 p. m., the "Fast Train" leaves Chicago, via the Wisconsin Central Lines for St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland, Duluth and the iron towns, composed of through Pullman Vestibuled Sleepers to Chippewa Falls and Eau Claire St. Paul and Minneapolis, Ashland and Duluth, making close connections at Union Depot, St. Paul, with the new train which has just been placed in service via the Northern Pacific Railroad to the Pacific Coast, leaving St. Paul daily at 9 a. m. At 10:45 p. m. the "Pacific Express" leaves Chicago for the Pacific Coast via the Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific Lines, composed of Pullman Vestibuled Drawing-Room and Tourist Sleepers, running through to Portland, Ore, and Tacoma, Wash, without change For tickets, time tables, berth reservations, etc., apply to city ticket office, 205 S Clark street, Chicago, Ill., or to James C. Pond, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

The Great Northwest.

The steady settlement of lands in Montana and Washington, the substantial growth of their cities, and the constant increase of their railway mileage, have rendered these states a centre of interest for business men capitalists and settlers. The best explanation of this growth is found in a study of the capabilities and resources of the states, which are fully set forth in three folders entitled "Golden Montana," "Eastern Washington," and "Western Washington," just issued by the Northern Pacific Railroad. District Passenger Agents of Northern Pacific Railroad will take pleasure in supplying Montana and Washington folders above referred to; also, maps, time-cards and any special information desired; or application can be made to CHAS. S. FEE, G. P. & T. A., N. P. R. R., St. Paul Minn.

Select List of Summer Resorts.

In the Lake regions of Wisconsin, Northern Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa and the two Dakotas, there are hundreds of charming localities pre eminently fitted for summer homes. Among the following selected list are names familiar to many of our readers as the perfection of Northern summer resorts. Nearly all of the Wisconsin points of interest are within a short distance from Chicago or Milwaukee, and none of them are so far away from the "busy marts of civilization" that they cannot be reached in a few hours of travel, by frequent trains, over the finest roads in the northwest—the Chicago, Milwaukee & St Paul Railway, and Milwaukee & Northern Railroad: Oconomowoc, Minocqua, Waukesha, Palmyra, Tomahawk Lakes, Lakeside Kilbourn City (Dells of the Wisconsin), Beaver Dam, Madison, Delavan, Sparta, Pewaukee, Wausaukee, and Elkhart Lake, Wis.; Clear Lake, Lakes Okoboji and Spirit Lake, Ia.; Marquette, Ontonagon and Mackinaw, Mich.; Frontenac, Lake Minnetonka, Ortonville, Prior Lake and White Bear Lake, Minn.; Lake Madison and Big Stone Lake, S. Dakota.

For detailed information, apply to any coupon ticket agent, or send stamp for a free illustrated tourist folder, to GEORGE H. HEAFFORD, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 126 West Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

H. J. Farmer Atkinson, Conservative member of parliament for Boston, owing, it is said, to the condition of his health, will not contest any parliamentary seat at the coming general elections.

LYON, POTTER & CO., PIANOS.

PIANOS. LYON, POTTER & CO.

STEINWAY & SONS' PIANOS.
THE A. B. CHASE PIANOS.
KURTZMAN PIANOS.

More than 400 PIANOS to select from. In all styles and great variety of choice natural wood cases.

MAY CLEARING SALE of
SECOND-HAND UPRIGHT PIANOS.

Owing to the crowded condition of our warerooms, occasioned by a great number of upright pianos which we have recently taken in exchange, we now offer at
REMARKABLY LOW PRICES
the following named uprights, many of which are practically new:

1 Weber.	1 Knabe.
1 Gerold.	1 Chickering.
1 J. P. Hale.	1 Lyon & Healy.
1 Kranich & Bach.	1 J. & C. Fischer.
1 J. Bauer & Co	1 Behning
1 Hallett & Davis.	1 Marshall & Wendell.
1 Geo. Steck & Co.	1 Kroeger & Sons.
2 Mason & Hamlin.	1 Bradbury.

Some unusual bargains are to be found in the above stock.

$100 Grands. $100

Several Parlor, Concert and Baby Grands, $100 and upward.

1 Weber (Parlor Grand)	1 Bechstein (Parlor Grand).
1 Knabe (Parlor Grand)	
1 Hallett & Davis (Parlor Grand).	1 Ladd & Co. (Baby Grand).
1 Chickering (Concert Grand).	1 Steck & Co. (Baby Grand).

All in good order, from $100 upwards.
Choice assortment of new pianos to rent.
Nearly all makes of SQUARES $50 and upward.
Immense stock of high and medium grade new pianos.
Prices and terms to suit all buyers.
Correspondence and inspection invited.

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174 and 176 Wabash av.
174 and 176 Wabash-av.

PHILOSOPHY.

I beat my heart against all sorrow, and I said:
"I will be happy whatsoe'er befall."
Alas! full soon the darling of my flock was laid
Beneath the somber pall.

Then grieved my aching heart in uttermost despair
My tears gushed from their source in swollen streams.
Time passed, once more I made resolve that naught should e'er
Disturb my tranquil dreams.

I courted Joy, but Sorrow came, a pilgrim gray,
And brought such griefs as memory ne'er forgets:
A bush of thorns sprang up where bloom'd but yesterday
A bed of violets.

At last, full tired of seeking Joy and finding Sorrow,
I said "Oh, thing of tears! I prithee come
With me today be first to greet me on the morrow
Make of my heart thy home."

Then Joy outspread her wings to follow where I went,
And time flew by as in a fairy's dream;
The fragrant air seemed filled with songs mellifluent,
And life was joy supreme.

There's wealth in penury; how rich are they who own
Contented hearts, and strength to bear their lot.
And many a petty tyrant puppet on a throne—
Were happier in a cot.

He would I teach thy heart the dear philosophy
That showers blessings on the human race;
If rightly seen, 'tis man's best privilege to die
And see his Maker's face!

Of what avail is it to know when life shall end?
Our lives are reckoned best by deeds—not years,
Enough to know that God to every heart will send
Its share of joy and tears.

—R. H. Kennington in Good Housekeeping.

A MARITAL EPISODE.

Yes, Raoul had certainly married for love, and he had thrown himself with such enthusiasm into his new life that in a day all his relations with the outer world were shattered—like glass. He shut himself in his sanctuary, turned the key on the inside and tasted his happiness drop by drop. When by chance you encountered him he hardly gave you a word; he seemed to be afraid of his past, and took care to avoid all those who could possibly recall it to mind.

Raoul was thus for some eight months. Toward the middle of the ninth he had a relapse into former habits. One met him more frequently. He had resumed his cigars, walked more leisurely and did not disdain to cast an occasional glance at a pretty woman.

This was not because he was less happy in his home or loved less his pretty little wife. Oh, no, not at all; for whenever I met him he assured me earnestly "that his wife was a treasure."

When a husband says this so positively there is no room to doubt that he is still a lover. You do not agree with me? A man, you say, who announces thus that his wife is a treasure is a man who blows upon tea or ashes already cold. Ah, well, perhaps you are right; when the fire flames one warms himself and generally says nothing.

To tell the truth, Raoul had begun to blow upon his fire. The sweetness that had intoxicated him nine months ago appeared to him now a little insipid, the warm temperature about him a little heavy, and when his wife came softly behind him and kissed him on the brow he began to notice what he had never noticed before—that she ruffled his hair. He said nothing, but was irritated, annoyed; all the more so as the tender little woman, seeing nothing herself, after her kiss would close his eyes with her little hands and laugh like a gleeful child.

"Come, come, Louise," said he one morning, finding it impossible to be silent longer, "do you not see that I am reading?"

"Then say, 'My dear little wife, I adore you!' and I'll let you go," Louise returned, with the pout of an angel.

"But I have said it five hundred and one times already, and to be frank, Louise, I decline to be forced to repeat it every quarter of an hour." And he stooped for his book, which had fallen to the floor, and closing as it fell, obliged him to lose five minutes more seeking the place where he had left off, which so much increased his bad humor that ten minutes later when they sat down to lunch he found the soup decidedly too salt, and said so.

"Why, no, Raoul; I do not find it so," Louise returned innocently.

"But I do, and that settles it," Raoul declared peremptorily, pouring water in his bouillon with a determined air. "The fact is, my dear, your cook knows no more of seasoning than she knows of finance. This food is uneatable. It is only at a restaurant that a presentable fillet can be had." And he breathed a sort of sigh that resembled a stifled regret.

"But a month ago she pleased you," urged Louise, who, in spite of her love and gentleness, did not lack spirit; "I do not understand it."

"You do not understand! Now, why do you say that? And such a tone! The very minute, it seems to me, that I object to anything, you jump to the conclusion that I am content with nothing."

"I did not say that."

"You leave it to be supposed, nevertheless."

Silence fell between them, but meanwhile Raoul, still fuming, thought how, presently, they would go to install themselves in the sitting room, having neither theater nor ball to attend this evening; that he would open his paper, and, while reading, he would see over its edge the regular movement of his wife's needle, plying back and forth in that eternal embroidery; and that, after the paper, he would resume his book, yawn three times, look at the clock, and then, to keep him from going to sleep entirely, his wife would appeal to him with the usual question: "Blue, black or red in this corner, Raoul? What do you say pet?"

"Pet!" An expression that had once brought tears of tenderness to his eyes and that now seemed absurd.

All these thoughts came one by one, and gradually he felt his bad humor increase, till suddenly he resumed sharply, "I do not see what there is so extraordinary in wishing to have a properly cooked fillet."

"Well, I was wrong; I'll see to the next," Louise answered, with manner a little prim.

Raoul laid down knife and fork resignedly.

"My dear child," said he, "have I said that you were wrong? You have a very singular mania for posing as an injured person."

At heart he felt himself unjust, but anger was stronger than he, and mounted to his brain.

"If only you would be calm, Raoul," Louise began gently.

"Be calm—be calm, you say? As if I were the one who has lost his temper! But, Louise, this is perfectly childish. What else have you for dinner besides this fillet?"

"I really do not know."

The meal came to an end in the profoundest silence. Immediately afterward Raoul took his hat.

"You are going out, Raoul?" hazarded Louise softly.

"If you will kindly permit me?"

And out he went, but not with an assured step. On the staircase he stopped to listen.

"She did not ask me, even," thought he wonderingly, "if I were going to be late. How strange! But it proves what I believed—that I have been too weak with her in the first months of our marriage."

Once in the street he paused again irresolutely, not knowing where to go; but finally strolled on at random, buttoning his gloves and still uneasily reflecting. His wife was the best little woman in the world, but—he had been too weak with her, there was no doubt of it.

At the tobacconist's on the corner he stopped to light his cigar. On the boulevards all the cafes were open, a crowd filling the chairs. Ah, how good it was! To stroll at one's ease in Paris one must always strol' alone.

He passed before his old club, blazing with light and astir with men, but he dared not enter, though he had a great desire to do so; he dreaded the smiles that would greet his appearance and and crossed to the opposite side.

Then, too, how irritating it was when he gave his arm to his wife to have her make those long stops before the jewelers' and milliners' that always made him so furious. Yes, he was right—to stroll agreeably in Paris one must be alone.

Nevertheless, two hours later, filled with remorse, he turned his steps homeward to find his wife with red eyes.

"Crying!" thought he; "actually crying, as if I couldn't leave the house a moment without her behaving as if I had really deserted her!" And instead of embracing her, as he really wished to do, he calmly mounted the stairs with an icy little "Good night, my dear!"

Louise, on her side, was far from stupid; her husband was bored when with her—she felt it; she felt, too, that even the rustle of her skirts irritated Raoul. What should she do? The best she could, at all events; and by a thousand and one little wifely efforts and attentions she sought to re-establish the tender little chats and jokes and joyous laughter in the corner by the fire. But the very restraint that she imposed upon herself made the effort abortive. Time and again she opened a talk with him in the old, light hearted fashion, only to be thrown back upon herself by a cold or nonchalant "yes" or "no" from Raoul, accorded without even raising his eyes. More than all, too, she was wounded in her self respect when trying on a dress or hat before him, on the effect of which she had counted, to receive only an indifferent, "No, it isn't bad, that dress—or hat—but, had I been you, I'd have taken yellow in place of that blue."

Proud little Louise! Only a woman and a wife would know how she suffered!

This state of things had lasted perhaps a month, when one evening, Raoul, who was still at table, received a note, all sealed and white and daintly perfumed.

"Allow me," said he, addressing his wife; and he tore open the note, which ran:

MY DEAR RAOUL—Who knows if it would not be agreeable to you to find yourself again in that little restaurant of the Bois de Vincennes, which is in the middle of the water.

It is room No. 3, is it not, whose windows open upon the lake? I have an idea that Tuesday p. m. (tomorrow) that room will be free. What do you think? At all events it will be well to see.

Toward 7 o'clock the sun will have gone behind the trees; it will be fresh and cool in that little chalet, and the fillets chateaubriand there are simply delicious. Thine, AMANDA.

"Amanda, Amanda," said Raoul to himself; "where the devil have I known an Amanda?" and he remained a moment pondering.

"Is it bad news?" asked Louise quietly.

Then he remembered his wife's presence, and answered like a man interrupted by an importunate chatterer, "No, no—only from my tailor." And as he hurriedly began to sugar his coffee to escape looking his wife in the face it seemed to him, from the corner of his eye, that she was observing him fixedly. Thrown off his balance, he did not tear up the note, as one usually does with tailor's effusions, but replaced it carefully in the envelope and slipped it into his pocket. Stranger still, and a still more difficult thing to explain, he was charming all the rest of that evening.

That letter and Amanda—whom he could not recall the least in the world—roused in him, apparently, the gayest fancies. He was flattered, though he would never have admitted it, that there were some who did not believe the old spirit entirely dead in him.

"I shall certainly go to that rendezvous," he told himself, "and it is well for me that I am not like some men. Very few indeed could resist a moment of madness, which for me will be only a moment of frolic. To go on as I am is to rust out like iron. Ah, how lucky it is for me, too, that my wife is an angel! She does not suspect, poor darling; not the least in the world." He turned to look at her bending tranquilly over her embroidery and murmured again, "No, not the least in the world!" And with swaggering air he began to pace the salon, humming to himself with satisfaction, like one who is armed to the teeth and who tells himself, "I kill no one; it is only because I am good—how good they do not know." And really, feeling himself at that moment of a superior essence, he was happy as a king.

Next morning, while breakfasting, Raoul could not resist the temptation to explain what a fillet chateaubriand was, and how to cook it.

"If you would like one this evening," said the young wife, "suppose I try it."

"No, thanks; I spoke of it, but do not want it. Moreover, it would not be possible this evening," and he thrilled with pleasure at putting his foot on the slippery incline, persuaded that he at least would not fall.

"But why not this evening?" Louise persisted.

"Have I not told you, then? I met Paul Varennas today, and promised to dine with him tonight. His brother, he says, has just returned from Mexico. I tried to excuse myself, but he insisted so much that I couldn't get out of it, you know."

"Indeed!" said Louise.

Presently Raoul rose, kissed his wife and started out, turning carelessly at the door to call back that may be he would not go after all; he really could not tell.

Nevertheless toward 5 o'clock the model husband returned.

"I'm going," said he. "Paul would be seriously vexed if I failed to dine with him. And you, my little Louise, you are not to worry. Besides, I've thought of something—go to your aunt's to dinner. Jean will bring you home, and I'll take you there before I start. How does that suit you?"

"Perfectly; but it is needless to trouble yourself to escort me there; I can easily go alone."

Half an hour later Raoul, fresh shaven, perfumed, smiling, carefully dressed, jumped into a coupe, and set out for the Bois de Vincennes.

He was fifty pounds lighter it seemed to him, as he mounted the restaurant steps. But then, what if, after all, she did not come? No matter, he would not think of it, but continued on, greeting again with pleasure that varied odor peculiar to restaurants, that rattle of plates and glasses clinked up and down the stairs by hurrying waiters, towel on arm, and knives and forks sticking like quills from their jacket pockets.

"Monsieur is alone?" asked one of them affably, advancing to meet him.

"Yes; but I expect some one. No. 3 is free, is it not?"

"Yes, monsieur." He threw open the door, and Raoul entered joyously.

"And monsieur will not order now?" demanded the man, depositing the menu with a flourish.

"Not now, I'll wait;" and he threw down his hat and looked about him.

The same eternal cabinet that he had seen a hundred times—red paper, leafed with gold; a sofa with three cushions, none too soft; a clock in gilt bronze, two flower pots with flowers, an upright piano out of tune, a carpet where all the boots of Paris had a right to leave their traces, and a table in the center, laid with covers for two. The forks were twisted and tarnished from service to hundreds of mouths, the crystal heavy, warranted not to "nick," and on the edges of the plates and the rest of the "indestructible" china the name of the restaurant scrolled in gilt.

Something in the surroundings recalled to Raoul the disgust that he had once felt, but certainly would feel no more; nevertheless he got up and opened wide the window to freshen the atmosphere, which was indisputably a trifle close.

"How curious!" he murmured; "but I had forgotten all this!"

And he began to whistle softly to chase away fancies not so pleasant that were coming to mind. Somehow or other his gayety, too, seemed leaving him. He drew out his watch to see the time—a quarter past 7, and he was distinctly hungry. What if that letter after all was a joke? A joke! He had not thought of it that way, but maybe after all it was better it should be so.

Quiet as it was now—not to say sad—in No 3, it was very gay indeed in the adjoining cabinet, the loud clatter of plates and clinking glasses mingling at times with gay bursts of laughter.

At last a rustle of skirts approached in the corridor. At the same moment the door flew back, a lady entered precipitately and fell, evidently a prey to fear or embarrassment, breathlessly upon the sofa.

A lady?—undoubtedly. Uneasy and puzzled—why he knew not—Raoul advanced to meet her. She raised her hand, the veil was off, and—Louise was before him!

Louise, serene, smiling, unruffled as ever and sweetly murmuring:

"I was dying, you see, Raoul, to taste a fillet chateaubriand properly prepared."

How they settled it and what explanations were made I have not an idea. But one thing is certain, Raoul no longer "kicks over the traces," is as happy and content as the day is long, and Louise, as generous as she was wise, has never once since that little dinner in a restaurant so much as whispered "fillets chateaubriand" in her husband's presence.—Translated for Argonant from the French of Gustave Droz by E. C. Waggener.

A Dog That Solicits for Charity.

A passenger on the Folkestone train was telling about a collie dog that is passed all over England by the railway guards and has collected as much as £5,000 a year for a charitable institution. The collie carries a money bag on his collar and with a pleasant look and wag of his tail invites strangers to drop a coin in the slot. With another wag he expresses his thanks and trots off to stop in front of some one else.—New York Sun.

Shoes with Stone Soles.

A Berlin shoemaker has invented an artificial stone sole for footwear. It is made of a solution of some kind of patent cement and pure white quartz sand. A pair of such shoes will last for years on any pavement, and are said to be elastic and easy on the feet.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A CLEVER ESCAPE.

HOW A TENNESSEE CONVICT GOT AWAY FROM AN ARMED GUARD.

An Interesting Story from the Convict Camps in the Briceville Mountains—An Ingenious Convict Who Is at Large. Getting a Change of Clothes.

In Tennessee the most of the convicts are worked in the mines, and are not guarded by walls and bolts, but by men who stand over them with shotguns and Winchesters. As a matter of course these taskmasters are not of a very high social order, and do not excel in either humanity or education. If a convict leaves the line as he and his fellows are marching from mine to stockade in the first shadows of evening, or if he drops his rake at the coke ovens and starts to run, he will certainly be pursued by one or more bullets, aimed with considerable precision. It is therefore not a rare thing for a convict to be killed or maimed for life.

Not long ago there was a white convict named Reed working at the Briceville stockade. He had been put in for ten years for a series of forgeries, and as he was not very strong they let him do the lighter work around the stockade, and only worked him in the mines when there was a particularly heavy run. He had been in stripes about a year, and had behaved himself so well that the guards thought he was resigned to his lot. Furthermore, Briceville is far away from civilization, and he had no friends to give him clothes even if he succeeded in getting away. One morning he started for the well to draw some water, a guard with a Winchester over his shoulder accompanying him. They walked along side by side, the convict carrying two big tin pails. The well is about 400 yards from the stockade, around the side of the mountain, and shut in from any sort of view by trees and bushes. The guard sat down on a stone near by and the convict stood at the well box, looking down into the well. Pretty soon the convict leaned away over and put his head far down into the well box.

"What's the matter?" said the guard.

"A big water snake," said the convict, standing up and looking around at him. "The biggest I ever saw."

The guard left his Winchester leaning against the rock he had been sitting upon, and came over. He looked down the well.

"I don't see no snake," said he. "Draw your water and come along."

"You don't lean over far enough," said the convict. "He's lying on a ledge about half way up the side of the well."

The guard was interested, and holding to the well box with both hands, leaned away in.

"A little further," said the convict, "and you'll see him."

The guard leaned still further in. The convict grabbed him by the legs, lifted his body to a perpendicular, and with one tremendous jam loosened his hold on the box and stuffed him into the well. The guard fell with a yell and a huge splash. But the yell was muffled by the close walls of the well and by the small box. Fortunately for him the water was deep and he struck it in such a way that he came to the surface right side up. There he was, spluttering, splashing and cursing resonantly. He looked up at the small square of daylight high above him and saw the convict's face and heard him laugh. "Do you see the snake?" said the convict.

"Just wait till I get out of this!" said the guard. "I'll make you sweat for it."

"But I won't wait," said the convict. His face disappeared from the hole and the guard began to yell. The convict reappeared with the Winchester. "You needn't trouble yourself to yell," said he. "Two feet away from this box it sounds no louder than a frog's croak. Now undress yourself quickly and I'll let down the bucket for your clothes. If you don't undress I'll shoot."

"If you shoot they'll hear you and then it'll be all up with you," shouted the guard triumphantly.

The convict was silent a minute, then called out: "That's a fact. I'm much obliged. I'll drop big stones in at you if you don't hurry up those clothes." And he dropped in a small stone just to show how it would work. The guard dodged it, but the stone caught him on the shoulder and made quite an impression, coming from such a distance.

"Hurry up," said the convict. "I'll undress, too, and pass you down my clothes. See that ledge over there? You can get on it and keep dry until some one comes. I am really doing you a favor in letting you have my dry clothes for your wet ones."

The convict was undressed first and hurried the guard with a couple of good sized stones that just missed him. When the clothes were ready the convict let down the empty bucket, which was caught by the shivering guard and filled with wet clothes. The convict raised these to the surface, took them out, and put his dry clothes in and lowered the bucket again. When the guard had got the dry clothes the convict raised the bucket again.

He wrung the wet clothes out over the mouth of the well and then put them on. He leaned over the well and said: "Say, old man, you forgot to take your money out. I'm ever so much obliged, as I need your month's pay worse than you do. Goodby. I hope you get out soon, but not too soon."

And he was gone with the Winchester over his shoulder before the howl of rage from the guard reached the surface. About two hours afterward they missed the guard and the convict and set to searching for them. As soon as the guard heard the faint sounds of footsteps he started to yelling. It was nearly an hour before they got him out and started in pursuit of the convict. But everybody has to go afoot in those wilds, and the convict had too good a start. He was clever enough to keep away from the railroads, and with the guard's pay he was able to support himself and avoid suspicion. They have not caught him.—New York Sun.

Ruskin's Toys.

The home rule of Ruskin's mother was well nigh Puritanic in severity; his toys were few and his source of amusement limited. He says:

For toys, I had a bunch of keys to play with so long as I was capable of pleasure in what glittered and jingled; as I grew older I had a cart and a ball, and when I was six years old, two boxes of well cut wooden bricks.

With these modest, but I still think entirely sufficient possessions, and being always summarily whipped if I cried, did not do as I was bid or tumbled on the stairs, I soon attained serene and secure methods of life and motion, and could pass my days contentedly in tracing the squares and comparing the colors of my carpet, examining the knots in the wood of the floor, or counting the bricks in the opposite houses.

There were also intervals of rapturous excitement during the filling of the water cart through its leathern pipe from the dripping iron post at the pavement edge, or the still more admirable proceedings of the turncock, when he turned and turned until a fountain sprang up in the middle of the street.

But the carpet, and what patterns I could find in bed covers, dresses or wall papers to be examined, were my chief resources.

Dogs and Cats in King Howel's Times.

The worth of dogs is variously estimated; in the Tenth century the king's buckhound being valued at fifteen pence when born and one pound when fully trained, while "a herd dog is worth the best ox, and whosoever may possess a cur, though it be the king, its value is fourpence."

Cats, however, are priced without distinction, there being probably but one breed. Nor is any extra value set upon those favored cats, which, by reason of their royal ownership, enjoyed the daily privilege, accorded them proverbially, of looking at a king. No matter to what family or place it may belong, "the worth of a kitten from the night it is kittened until it shall open its eyes, is a legal penny, and from that time until it shall kill mice, two legal pence," fourpence being the full value of a cat, as of a sheep or of a goat.

The qualities expected of her are particularly catalogued and the list of them runs thus: "To see, to hear, to kill mice, to have her claws entire, to rear and not to devour her kittens, and if she be bought and be deficient in any one of those teithi, let one-third of her worth be returned."—All the Year Round.

Where Does the Money Come From?

Look into any one of our great restaurants, our fashionable resorts at night. See at a hundred tables groups of men and women spending each all the way from five to fifty dollars. This is not an occasional experience. You can find it every night in the week, and at lunch time the same places are crowded with women to whom a lunch costing five or six dollars is as nothing. Drive through the park on any fine morning or late in the afternoon. You may see men and women on horseback by the hundreds, every one "dressed for the part," well mounted, representing an immensity of capital. Look at the long processional ongoing of equipages. Millions upon millions of dollars are represented there every day in the week, and at all the favorite resorts along the road you will find men and women gayly flitting along, their butterfly wings tipped with gold, their diamonds sparkling in the air, their jollifications making the very atmosphere ring with the choral echoings of fun and hurrahdom.—Joseph Howard in New York Recorder.

Verdi's Infirmities.

A few days ago, while conversing with some friends, Verdi expressed the pleasure he had had in composing the eminently comic libretto of "Falstaff," written by Boito, and on its being insinuated that he would yet add to his renown by further works he exclaimed: "Renown! Glory! Glory is a fine thing for boys and hysterical women! Yet," he added, "I will not deny that I feel able to write another opera or two, because my imagination is not yet dead. But there is a great hindrance, a miserable hindrance—the physical fatigue of writing, of filling the interminable forest of leaves of music; all the millions of notes and signs which compose a score; that's what frightens me. If it were not for that"—— —London News.

Abolish "Sneaky" Music.

Slow music at the theaters during the performance of a play is a nuisance and ought to be abolished. At the most thrilling part of the scene in the drama, when the interest of the audience is wrought up to the highest pitch, the squeaking of a fiddle will sometimes ruin the entire effect produced by the combination of dramatic language and scenic effect. In the best European theaters such a travesty as the slow and weak scraping of a fiddle during an interesting scene is unknown, and it should not be encouraged here.—New York Journal.

A Waistcoat Made of a Boa's Skin.

The family of boas and pythons includes all the largest serpents known, though the species are not numerous. The type of this group is the boa constrictor, which is found in the New World only, ranging from Central America to southern Brazil, and may attain a length of about fourteen feet. It is very handsomely marked, and we have seen its skin made into an elegant waistcoat worn by one of the trustees of the British museum.—Quarterly Review.

Men's Wives.

One Man—My wife is eternally gadding about. She's never at home. Is yours?

Another Man—Don't know. I'm never at home enough to find out.—New York Weekly.

Discrimination.

Wee Pet—Kitty doesn't like my dolly.

Mamma—Why do you think so?

Wee Pet—W'en I put 'er in dolly's lap, she doesn't purr a bit.—Good News.

FATE OF A SAMOAN HERO.

The Tattooed Body of a Native of Samoa Used as an Advertisement.

Coroner Wally and his partner, Mr. Rollins, possess at their place of business a decidedly novel, weird and ghastly advertisement. In the corner of their back room stands an ordinary looking pine box, such a one as is used to place around caskets in the grave. It stands upon an end and hinges are at the side. A lid is opened and a startling sight is revealed.

Standing erect, with hands folded in front and dressed in no raiment except a similar garment to the one used by the Yuma Indians (when they use one), stands the dead body of a Samoan tattooed warrior who was known during life as Letungaifo, and who died at St. Luke's hospital. The body was taken to Coroner Wally's on the day of death, and he had it embalmed. The eyes are open and the black hair and slight mustache bristle out with peculiar fierceness. From the waist to the knees it has been tattooed with blue ink, so as to resemble a pair of knee pants, it being one of the peculiar customs of the country from whence he came to so decorate the body of every male as soon as he arrives at man's estate.

From the peculiar history of the lonely Pacific islander, who, it seems, risked his life and assisted in saving the lives of United States man-of-war's men during the terrible cyclone that swept over the island in March, 1889, it would seem that the government alone owed a debt of gratitude to him, to at least put him in a proper resting place. Letungaifo was one of five Samoans brought to this country by R. A. Cunningham Aug. 13, 1889, and was to have exhibited with them in this city, but owing to his health he was sent to the hospital, and a few weeks after the departure of his countrymen he died. In obtaining these five Samoans Mr. Cunningham had great difficulty, as Mataafa Malietoa, the king of the islands, will not allow any of his subjects to leave, claiming it contrary to their law and custom.

In the terrible cyclone in March, 1889, when the American men-of-war Trenton and Vandalia were wrecked in the harbor of Pago-Pago, in the island of Tutuila, the natives rescued the sailors by making a human line out to reach them, thus enabling them to get to the shore. On this occasion Letungaifo particularly distinguished himself for feats of bravery in saving the lives of several of the crew.

It was after this Cunningham attempted to get the men away. They sailed from the island of Upolu in an open boat, intending to intercept the Oceanic steamer from Sydney to 'Frisco, but a terrible storm arose, and after nearly being capsized and suffering all manner of hardships they were compelled to put back into the harbor of Pago-Pago.

This was on Saturday, and the next day being Sunday all were released to attend church, as the authorities did not think anything would sail on that day. Cunningham, however, learned that the United States ship Almeda was shortly to sail with the sailors who were wrecked during the hurricane, and hastily getting the men together who were anxious to come on board they were secreted and thus escaped to America, being the first of their race to leave their native country.—Denver Republican.

George Washington Sold Books.

George Washington, when young, canvassed around Alexandria, Va., and sold over 200 copies of a work entitled "Bydell's American Savage."—Publishers' Weekly.

A PRIZE PICTURE PUZZLE.

The above picture contains four faces, the man and his three daughters. Anyone can find the man's face, but it is not so easy to distinguish the faces of the three young ladies.

The proprietors of **Ford's Prize Pills** will give an elegant **Gold Watch** to the *first* person who can make out the three daughters' faces; to the *second* will be given a pair of genuine **Diamond Ear-Rings**; to the *third* a handsome **Silk Dress Pattern**, 16 yards in any color; to the *fourth* a **Coin Silver Watch**, and many other prizes in order of merit. Every competitor must cut out the above puzzle picture, distinguish the three girls' faces by marking a cross with lead pencil on each, and enclose same with fifteen U. S. two cent stamps for one box of FORD'S PRIZE PILLS, (which will be sent post paid, duty free), addressed to THE FORD PILL COMPANY, Wellington St. Toronto, Can. The person whose envelope is postmarked *first* will be awarded the first prize, and the others in order of merit. To the person sending the *last* correct answer will be given an elegant **Gold Watch**, of fine workmanship and first-class timekeeper; to the *next to the last* a pair of genuine **Diamond Ear-Rings**; to the *second* to the last a handsome **Silk Dress Pattern**, 16 yards in any color; to the *third* to the last a **Coin Silver Watch**, and many other prizes in order of merit counting from the last. **WE SHALL GIVE AWAY 100 VALUABLE PREMIUMS** (should there be so many sending in correct answers). No charge is made for boxing and packing of premiums. The names of the leading prize winners will be published in connection with our advertisement in leading newspapers next month. Extra premiums will be given to those who are willing to assist in introducing our medicine. Nothing is charged for the premiums in any way, they are absolutely given away to introduce and advertise Ford's Prize Pills, which are purely vegetable and act gently yet promptly on the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels, dispelling Headache, Fevers and Colds, cleansing the system thoroughly and cure habitual constipation. They are **sugar-coated, do not gripe**, very small, easy to take, one pill a dose, and are purely vegetable. Perfect digestion follows their use. As to the reliability of our company, we refer you to any leading wholesale druggist or business house in Toronto. All premiums will be awarded strictly in order of merit and with perfect satisfaction to the public. Pills are sent by mail post paid. When you answer this picture puzzle, kindly mention which newspaper you saw it in. Address THE FORD PILL COMPANY, Wellington St., Toronto, Can.

The Dreaded Bushmaster.

While the rattlesnake prefers the woodland border and the unfrequented copse, and the moccasin and fer de lance confine themselves to the flat lands by the river, the bushmaster roams over hilly regions in the depths of the vast forests of South America, where every bird and beast, even the fierce jaguar, leave him undisputed king. With fangs of wondrous length and poison exceedingly copious, 'tis especially his great strength and consequent power of striking to such a remarkable distance that render him truly the terror of the woods. He grows to the length of from 8 to 10 feet, and has been found 13½. He is as thick as the largest part of a man's arm; in color he is a light chocolate, with great blackish saddles crossing his back from head to tail. His name is one of dire significance.

Woe to him who approaches without making a careful calculation both of his position for striking and of the distance to which he can reach. Now, deadly snakes can usually launch themselves to a distance equal to two-thirds or even three-fourths of their own length. What, then, must be the peril of attempting to take an eight or ten foot bushmaster with an eight foot stick? The striking distance depends altogether on the manner of the coil. If this is well laid he has full power. But if on the contrary, as is usually the case, it is entangled within itself, or with surrounding roots or branches, his striking distance is curtailed.

Should he be encountered with untrammeled coil the hunter must keep at a respectful distance and force him to shift his position until he becomes involved so as to reduce the biting range, and so allow a safe approach. Then even the great bushmaster may be taken with little risk, as I once did a very large one in the forests of Trinidad; although had his coil been well laid he could have struck me in the face or breast.—George R. O'Reilly in Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Encouragement to Literary Beginners.

The Brownings had an apartment near the Rond point, where we used to go and see them, only to find the same warm and tranquil atmosphere that we used to breathe at Rome—the sofa drawn out, the tiny lady in the corner, the afternoon sun dazzling in at the window. On one occasion Mr. Hamilton Aide was paying a visit. He had been talking about books, and, half laughing, he turned to a young woman who had just come in and asked her when her forthcoming work would be ready. Young persons are ashamed, and very properly so, of their early failures, of their pattes de mouches and wild attempts at authorship, and this one was no exception to the common law, and answered "Never," somewhat too emphatically.

And then it was that Mr. Browning spoke of one of those chance sayings which make headings to the chapters of one's life. "All in good time," he said, and he went on to ask us all if we remembered the epitaph on the Roman lady who sat at home and spun wool. "You must spin your wool some day," he said kindly to the would be authoress; "every woman has wool to spin of some sort or another; isn't it so?" he said, and he turned to his wife.

I went home feeling quite impressed by the little speech, it had been so gravely and kindly made. My blurred pages looked altogether different somehow. It was spinning wool—it was not wasting one's time, one's temper—it was something more than spoiling paper and pens.—Anne T. Ritchie in Harper's.

Curiosities of Conscience Money.

Doubts are frequently expressed as to the sanity of persons who indulge in the habit of remitting "conscience money" to the chancellor of the exchequer, but there can be no two opinions about an aged couple named Letoux, residing at Levallois-Perret, who are suffering from a highly interesting mania. Periodically they send to President Carnot sums of money, varying from twenty pounds to sixty pounds, in the imaginary belief that they are indebted to the state in regard to building material purchased by them from the historical Chateau de Blois.

Needless to say that M. Carnot makes a point of returning these remittances through the medium of M. Guilhen, the local commissary of police, who, however, experiences some difficulty in carrying out his instructions. On calling at the domicile of the Letoux with the last installment, he found the door locked and had to force an entrance. The couple refused to speak a word to the representative of the law, who accordingly placed the bank notes on the mantelshelf and withdrew. M. and Mme. Letoux also send occasional remittances to the department of public estates, which is also obliged to use force in order to restore the money.—Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

A Second Season Miss.

It was at one of the large receptions of the season that after a spin about the ballroom a young matron and her partner started for the conservatory to discuss the ethics of dancing in leisurely fashion. As they entered the place and stood for a moment to note the beauties of an unusually fine palm there came from behind the thickly clustered foliage a most familiar sound, as though "an artillery of bliss were let off in one tremendous kiss." A moment of silence, and then with a little laugh came the remark in a fresh, young, girlish voice, "You kiss just like Jack W——."—Washington Post.

Geology and Biology.

Geology is the complement of biology. As soon as one has mastered the rudiments of botany and zoology, and of the distribution of life forms in space, the range of his thoughts should be extended to take in the orderly succession of life in past ages and the evolution of modern, specialized plants and animals from the earlier, generalized types.—Professor A. S. Packard in Popular Science Monthly.

AYER'S Hair Vigor

Restores faded, thin, and gray hair to its original color, texture, and abundance; prevents it from falling out, checks tendency to baldness, and promotes a new and vigorous growth. A clean, safe, elegant, and economical hair-dressing,

Everywhere Popular

"Nine months after having the typhoid fever, my head was perfectly bald. I was induced to try Ayer's Hair Vigor, and before I had used half a bottle, the hair began to grow. Two more bottles brought out as good a head of hair as ever I had. On my recommendation, my brother William Craig made use of Ayer's Hair Vigor with the same good results."—Stephen Craig, 832 Charlotte st., Philadelphia, Pa.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

A wild man near Iowa River, Wis., has terrorized the vicinity.

A broken knitting needle, upon the end of which a hard substance about the size of a hen's egg had formed, has been removed from Mrs. Barney Sweet of Fairbury, Ills. The needle penetrated the flesh eighteen months ago.

The mangled remains of William Reece were found on the Wisconsin Central tracks on the outskirts of Oshkosh. He worked on a farm, and it is supposed was struck by a train while he was returning to the place.

The body of Granville Tamage, a boy who jumped from a raft on the Wabash river at Peru, Ind., a week ago, and was drowned while trying to reach shore, has been found at Lewisburg. His parents live in New London, O.

Foreign papers say that Vasili Verestchagin, the famous Russian painter, was bitten in the leg recently by a mad dog. Although the injured flesh was cut away immediately, it is said that M. Verestchagin will place himself under the care of Dr. Pasteur at Paris.

George Witherspoon, superintendent of the Methodist church Sunday school at Fairmount, Ills., induced his wife to go to Bloomington to acquire a better knowledge of music, and in her absence rented his residence and went to California. Mrs. Witherspoon has brought suit to recover possession of her home.

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Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 520 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 739 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 3127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D B Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 505 28th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3628 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 431 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 332 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 363 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Rielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denilauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Olow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seuses, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1086 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; J N Moninger, F S; M W Folz, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2301 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 798 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E N Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lagonia's hall, Western and North avs.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 82 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Levreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 536 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thometz, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Ealer, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—A. H. Weir, C R, 781 N Robey st; Edmond C Foley, R S, 459 W Indiana st; Henry H. Canavan, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner W North av and Robey st, 1st and 3d Friday.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Faxel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schult, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Forhan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph F Holden, F S; Michael Roeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Henrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, [illegible] M. Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson avs.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Scmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Rohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division street.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobet, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont avs.

Cour Laval Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Daguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; H P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Semmers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pich, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; B E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st, 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1423 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 3617 Emerald av; C Hiersbech, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Ryan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 426 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pieroni, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Alles, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jacques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J H Dady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—E J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, RS, 98 Coulter st; David McCann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, CR, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 192 E. Washington-st., Plasterers' Hall, at 3 p. m.

County Delegate, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av.

County Secretary, Francis J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth st.

County Financial Secretary, J. W. Connell.

County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 520 W Erie st.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Div. No. 2—Patrick Cooney, Pres.; Box 63, Hegewisch, Ill., Louis Brophy, V. P.; E. F. Brennen, Rec. Sec.; A. Harmon, Fin. Sec.; Patrick Sullivan, Treas.

Div. 3—Ambrose Hede, Pres, Morton Park, Ill. James Carroll, V-P; Edward O'Neill, Rec Sec, 838 S. Leavitt st; Thomas O'Connell, Fin Sec; P. J. Duffy, Treas. Meets 3rd Sunday of each month at 3 p m at Doherty's Hall, 446 West Twelfth st.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted-st. Pres.; David Mulligan, V. P.; John McAndrews, Rec. Sec.; Peter F. Ratigan, Fin. Sec. Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meets last Sunday each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; Jerh. Ryan, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 5256 S. Halsted-st.; John Ryan, Fin. Sec.; R. M. Nicholas, Treas. Meet first Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—M. J. Barret, Pres., 162 Van Buren-st.; William Sullivan, V-P; Patrick Foley, Rec. Sec., 2862 Deering-st; James E. O'Brien, Fin. Sec.; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—M J Ryan, Pres. 257 Michigan st; James F. Lusk, V. P.; James Rielly, Rec. Sec. 325 Elm st; P. O'Sullivan, Fin. Sec.; Andrew G. Luggan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each month at 3 p m in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—P. O'Sullivan, Pres., S Chicago; Patrick Dever, V. P., James O'Kelly, Rec Sec, S Chicago; Owen Ahern, Fin. Sec; T A Ahern, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in Sireeman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 10—Timothy Burke, Pres. 4716 Bishop st; Patrick Cummings, V. P.; D. O'Toole, Rec Sec., 4125 State st.; John B. O'Connor, Fin Sec., Simon Nevile, Treas.

Div. No. 11—Pres., D. Nicholson, 95 Emerson av.; V.-P., D. Kirby; Rec. Sec., Joseph Lamb, 521 W. Erie st.; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, corner of Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 16—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 17—President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth av; V.P., Thomas Finnigan; Rec. Sec., M. J. Duffy, 543 Thirty-seventh st; Fin. Sec., F. J. Conroy; Treas., Patrick Finnegan. Meets second Wednesday each month at 8 p m., at N.W. cor Thirty-seventh and Butterfield-sts

Div. No. 19—Pres., James Thomas, 3802 Parnell av; V-P., W. J. Hogan; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Herbert, 609 Thirty-seventh st; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Charles Lynch. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Quealy's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 22—W J. Doherty, Pres, 47th st and Centre av.; Patrick Broderickk, V.-P.; John Toner, Rec. Sec., 1243 Forty-seventh st.; James Murphy, Fin. Sec.; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres., P. Molloy, 4717 Wentworth av. V.-P., James McKenna; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4455 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m., at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres, J F Haskins, Box 380, Pullman; V P, M J Sullivan; Rec sec, James Kennedy, Kensington; Fin sec, Peter Tully; Treas, Thos Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 32—Pres, Thomas Doyle, 2813 Lowe av; V P, T. F. Doyle; rec sec, James Gannon, 1005 31st st; fin sec, Patrick Quinn; treas, Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month at Kavanaugh's hall, 3818 South Halsted st.

Div. No. 36—Pres., M. Donohue, 5508 Jefferson av; V. P., M. Pierce; Rec. Sec., William McMahon; Fin. Sec., Patrick McGoldrick; Treas., P. McMahon.

Div. 37—Pres, John P Doheny, 6359 Honore; V P, John Sheehy; Rec Sec, Richard Maloney, 68th and Halsted sts; Fin Sec. M B Hoey; Treas, Denis Kelly.

EMERALD BENEFICIAL ASSOCIATION OF NORTH AMERICA

INTERNATIONAL GRAND BRANCH.

Spiritual Directors, Rev. John F. Brady, Lambertville, N. J.; Rev. J. D. Bowles, Fremont, O.

President, Rev. F. G. Lentz, Tipton, Ind.

First Vice-President, Dr. J. T. Bussey, Baltimore, Md.

Second Vice-President, Michael Mullin, Troy, N. Y.

Secretary, J. B. McColley, Pittsburg, Pa.

Treasurer, David A. Carey, Toronto, Ont.

Marshal, Henry Britt, Girard, O.

Sergeant-at-Arms, Thomas Callahan, Norfolk, Va.

St. Stephens Branch No. 4.—President, Robert Lynch, 215 W. Kinzie-st.; Vice-Pres., Dr. William O'Connell; Secretary, P. J. McKeague, 566 Carroll av; Treas, J. J. Clements; Marshal, Michael Muldoon. Meets the 1st and 3rd Sundays of each month at the corner of Sangamon and Ohio streets.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS B. OF E

NATIONAL OFFICERS.

Elected at the New York National Convention, May, 1889.

Laurence Kelly, National Delegate, High st., Yonkers, N. Y.

Patrick Dugan, National Secretary, 593 Grove st., Jersey City, N. J.

John O'Callaghan, National Treasurer, 734 Carroll av., Chicago, Ill.

STATE DELEGATES.

M. Cramer, 60 Saltingstall av, New Haven, Conn.

John L. Cunningham, 2900 Sidney st, St. Louis, Mo.

Owen Carroll, cor Second st, and Newark av., Jersey City, N.J.

Thomas Breen, Newton, Kas.

John Patton, No. 1 Yeoman Ct., Roxbury Dist., Boston, Mass.

John O'Callaghan, 734 Carroll avenue, Chicago, Ill.

John McFarland, 2734 Carson st., Pittsburg, Pa.

J. McDonald, Excelsior, Mahaska Co, Ia.

Terrence Donohue, 501 W. Forty-third st, New York city.

Thomas Norton, 421 Minnie st, San Francisco, Cal.

J. V. Canavan, Appleton, Wis.

T. F. Thornton, 2010 Third av, Birmingham, Ala.

Danl Gallagher, Box 408, Steubenville, O.

William Sheerin, Trinidad, Colo.

P. M. Lunday, 328 Union av, St. Pueblo.

P. J. Healy, 2304 Seventh st., N W, Washington, D. C.

Thos. Noonan, 88 E Seventh st., St. Paul, Minn.

John W. Conoly, Lonaconing, Maryland.

Patrick Walsh, Benwood, West Virginia.

P. J. Walsh, 19 Spring st, Portland, Me.

Patrick Cleary, Escanaba, Mich.

Thomas Banks, Co. Secretary, 204 Mott st, New York city, Agent for New York.

OFFICERS OF THE ILLINOIS WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' BENEFICIARY FUND.

President, Thomas Flood, 523 Austin av Chicago.

Vice-President, James Walsh, Springfield, Ill.

Secretary, John Mulvihill, 378 W. Erie st, Chicago.

Treasure John O'Callaghan, 731 Carroll av, Chicago.

Trustees, A. Burke, P. Dougherty, J. Larney, Maurice A. O'Connor.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

The County Board meets the 2nd Sunday of each month at hall S W corner of Lake and LaSalle sts.

County Delegate, Richard Powers, 2617 Dashiel street, Chicago, Ill.

County Secretary J. E. Dunn, Lock Box 574, Oak Park, Ill.

County Fin. Secretary, E. Quinn, 550 W Twenty-first st.

County Treasurer, Thomas Flood, 523 Austin av.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1—Pres. Thomas Flynn, 536 W Erie st; Vice-Pres, Wm Griffen; Rec Sec, Michael Tuohy, 48 W Ohio st; Fin Sec, Stephen Carmody; Treas, Jeremiah Reordan. Meet first and third Sunday of each month at Fitzgerald Hall, Cor. Adams and Halsted sts, at 2 p m.

Div. 2—Pres. Richard Powers, 2617 Dashiel st; Vice-Pres, Thos Driscoll; Rec Sec, John Green, 14 Walsh court; Fin. Sec., Michael Galvin; Treas, D. Brown. Meet the first and third Sunday each month at 3525 South Halsted st, at 2 p m.

Div. 3—Pres, Luke H. Lyons, 193 W North av; Vice-Pres, John Hynes; Recording sec, Michael O'Dea, 799 Noble st; financial sec, John Gallagher; treas, A G Bourk. Meet first Sunday each month in Donahue's hall, cor W North av, and Holt st, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 7—Pres, J. L. Quan, 304 Loomis st; vice-pres, John Maher; rec sec, Chris McLoughlin, 158 Johnson st; fin sec, Patrick Morris; treas, Jeremiah O'Brien. Meet the second and fourth Thursday each month at 188 Blue Island av, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 9—Pres, James Lavell, South Chicago; vice-pres, Thomas McCue; rec. sec, Patrick McEnaley, Box 270, South Chicago; fin. sec, Philip Mortimer; treas, Michael Doyle. Meet third Sunday each month in Bowman's hall, corner Ninety-second-st, and Ill. Cent. R. R., S. Chicago.

Div. 11—Pres, Martin Dowling, 278 W. Ohio st.; vice-pres, James F. O'Neill; rec. sec, John Fitzmaurice, 249 Fulton st; fin. sec, Michael Dennehy; treas, John Doyle. Meet first Thursday each month at 8 p.m. in O'Callaghan's hall, Indiana and Lincoln sts

Div. 15—Pres, John J Conroy, 101 Brown st; vice-pres, Mich'l J. Walsh; rec sec, Edw Quinn, W 21st st; fin sec, Thos. Moran; treas. Matthew Farley. Meet 1st Wednesday each month in School hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 20—Pres, John O'Callaghan, 731 Carroll av; vice-pres, James E. Dunn; rec sec, M. Connolly; fin sec, J. T. Fitzgibbon; treas, Thomas Flood. Meet the first Sunday each month at O'Callaghan's Hall, corner of Indiana and Lincoln sts, at 2 p m.

Div. 21—Pres, Patrick Mahonney, 197 W 14th st; vice-pres, James Kearney; rec sec, John Morris, 47 S Morgan st; fin sec, M. O'Connor; treas, Thomas McGourty. Meet the third Sunday each month at 44 W Twelfth st

Div. 27—Pres, J. Bigane, 1674 39th st; vice-pres, Michael Larney; rec sec, Peter Callaghan, cor Western & Aarcher avs; fin sec, John Bradrick; treas, John Larney. Meet first Saturday each month at Larney Hall, BBrighton Park, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 28—Pres, Patrick M. Carmody, 66 Nebraska st; vice-pres, Philip Dolan; rec sec, J J Quinn, 288 Forquer st; fin sec, T. J. Keys; treas, P. Dougherty. Meet first Tuesday at 8 p m, and fourth Sunday at 2 p m, at Sodality hall, cor 11th and May sts

Div. 33—Pres, P.H. Chambers, Hyde Park; vice-pres, James Egan; rec sec, Thomas Kenny, 108 39th st; fin sec, Patrick McGrath; treas, Henry Lynch.

OFFICERS OF THE ARCHDIOCESAN TOTAL ABSTINENCE UNION.

President, H. J. McGuire, 5133 Wentworth-av.

Vice-President, Walter J. Gibbons, 1? North Franklin-st.

Secretary, J. J. Garrity, 41 N. Carpenter-st. Treasurer, W. H. Burke, 42 Pine st. Marshal, J. Doyle, 229½ E. Huron-st.

FATHER HAGAN'S Y. M. T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Meets second and fourth Tuesday each month at O'Neill's hall, 631 W. Lake-st. Pres William J. Lamey, 7 Smart-st.; V.-P., John Daley; Rec. Sec., J. E. Clancy, 236 N. Wood-st. Fin. Sec., M. J. Hartigan; Treas., Wm. Close; Marshal, John J. Hickey; Sergt-at-Arms, Jas. E. McBennett.

FATHER MATHEW T. A. & B. SOCIETY. Organized Feb. 6, 1865. Meet at new hall 39 West Taylor-st., on the 1st and 3d Monday of each month at 8 p. m. President, David I. Barry, 22 Plum-st.; 1st V.-P., Barney Clyne; 2nd V.-P., J. J. Barry; Sec'y, J. J. Hackett, 39 W. Taylor-st.; Ass't Sec'y, J. M. Carey; Treasurer, John Shannon, 113 Park-av.

ST. COLUMBKILL'S T. A. & P. SOCIETY. Meets 1st Sunday of every month in basement of the church at 2 p. m. Thomas Cook, President, 96 Walnut-st.; 1st V.-P., A. Foley; 2d V.-P., M. Hayes; Rec. Sec., John T. O'Connor, 519 Austin av.; Fin. Sec., P. Kavanagh; Asst. Sec., P. J. Sheehy; Treas., Edward Hays; Marshal, R. J. Nash.

HOLY FAMILY T. A. AND B. SOCIETY—Organized Sept. 8, 1870. Meets on the first and third Sunday of each month at 3 p. m. in Sodality hall, corner May and Eleventh-sts. Pres John W. Clancy, 401 S May st.; V.-P., Martin O'Connell; Sec., James Cleary, 362 Maxwell st.; Fin. Sec., Alex Cairns; Treas., William Colbert; Marshal, James P. Gallagher.

ANNUNCIATION T. A. SOCIETY—Meets every Tuesday evening in School hall, Waubansia av and Commercial st. Pres, John F. Cunneen; V-P, Chas. A. Hawley; Rec Sec, Jas. M. Hawley, 811 N Robey st; Fin Sec, B. J. Mahony; Treas, John J. Cullinan; Sergt-at-arms, Mich'l Cunneen; Marshal, James McLaughlin; Spiritual Director, Rev. E. M. Griffin.

SACRED HEART T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Meets in basement of church, first Sunday every month at 4 p m. John A. Byrnes, President; John J Griffin, V-P; James W Griffin, Secretary, 839 S Halsted st; John Jennings, Asst Sec; Patrick Griffin, Treas; James Lynch, Marshall.

CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY OF ST. PATRICK'S—President, J J O'Grady, 108 Emerson av; V-P, W J Anderson, Fin Sec, Dennis L Harmon; Rec Sec, Thomas Garvity, 41 N Carpenter st; Marshal, Thos Boone; Sergt-at-Arms, F P Meehan; Spiritual Director, Rev P J Hickey. Meet second Monday and last Sunday each month.

ST. PIUS' T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Organized 1874. Meets the first Sunday of each month in School hall, corner of Ashland-av. and Twentieth-st. President, John D. O'Sullivan, 176 Moore-st.; V-P, T McEnany; Cor Sec, E Quinn, 664 W Twenty-first st; Fin Sec, Wm Devereux, 720 W Twenty-first st; Treas, John Foley; Marshal, Thos Meagher; Spiritual Director Rev E Muldoon.

KNIGHTS OF ST. PATRICK.

President, J. H. Carmody; V.-P., William Horgan; Rec Sec., J. H. Howard; Fin. Sec., Wm. Tobin; Treas., P. J. Kennedy; Knight Commander, John Byrne; V. Kt Com. John Tobin; Sergt-at-Arms, D. J. Solon. Meet 1st Sunday of month at 3 p. m. in Temperance Hall, cor Taylor and Miller sts.

Catholic Knights of Illinois.

STATE OFFICERS.

President, M. Sharkey, Chicago; Vice-Pres, M. J. Walsh, East St. Louis; Sec'y, John Weeller, Carlyle; Treas., W. G. Kaune, Breese; Medical Director, Dr. J. Kohl, Belleville.

St. Mark's Branch, meets 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month in the Brothers' school hall, cor Adams and Desplaines sts., at 3 p. m. President, J. C. Croke, 140 S. Morgan st; V.-P., F. Rowan, 138 S. Desplaines st.; Rec. Sec., John Donahue, 178 Sebor st.; Fin. Sec., John Carr, 229 S Robey st.; Treas. R. McDonough, 119 Madison st.

ST. GABRIEL'S BRANCH NO. 310—Meets the first and third Thursday of each month at 7:30 p. m. in school hall, corner Forty-fifth and Wallace sts. Pres, Austin J. Kilkenny, Trans. House; V-P, J. C. White; Cor Sec. D. J. Fahey, 43d and Emerald-av; Fin Sec, J. F. Wolohan, Treas, J. B. Hartnett.

St. Stephens Branch, No. 117, C. A. A., meets on the third Sunday of every month, at 3 o'clock p. m., in the reading room attached to St. Patrick's church, Desplaines street. The following are the officers for the current year:

President, Edward McCormick; vice-president, John Conway; recording secretary, M. Sharkey, 848 North Wood street; financial secretary, M. A. O'Brien, 144 Wanbansia avenue; treasurer, Patrick Dolan, 238 North Clark street. All information regarding the association can be had by applying to any of the above.

CATHOLIC CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held.

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city:

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State and Superior sts. Masses at 5:30, 6:15, 7:25 and 9:30 a m; mass at 8:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m.

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m; services every Thursday at 7:30 p m, in the chapel. Rev. Thos F. Galligan, pastor. Residence 135 W. Adams st.

St. James'—Twenty-ninth st and Wabash ave. Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 a m; high mass at 11; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor. Residence 2924 Wabash avenue.

Holy Family (Jesuit)—May and Twelfth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Edwin Kelly, S. J., pastor. Residence 417 W Twelfth st.

St. Jarlath's—Jackson street and Hermitage ave. Masses at 6, 7:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Cashman, pastor. Residence 559 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave. and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. A. Murphy, pastor. Residence 543 Wabash avenue.

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. J. M. Cartan, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Bridget's—Archer ave. and Church st. Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, pastor. Residence 2928 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st and 25th place. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. R. J. Dunne, pastor. Residence 2542 Wallace st.

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Alport sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev. P. Nepomuck Jaeger, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 704 Alport st.

St. Francis of Assisium—Corner of W. Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a. m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kalvelage, pastor. Residence, 296 W. Twelfth st.

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and N. Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 9, and high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. Eagan, pastor. Residence 185 N. Sangamon st.

St. Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts. Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. M. Neumann, O. S. F., pastor. Residence 440 S. Clark st.

St. John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m; children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. M. J. Corbett, S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W. Nineteenth st.

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Paulina sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 519 W. Indiana st.

St. Malachy's—Corner Walnut st and Western av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, pastor. Residence 333 Walnut st.

St. Pius—Corner Ashland av. and Nineteenth st. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. P. S. Hennebery, pastor. Residence [illegible] Ashland av

St. Anthony of Padua—Corner of McGregor st. and Twenty-fourth place. Mass at 8 and 7:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Fischer, pastor. Residence 2434 Hanover st.

St. John Nepomucene—Corner of Twenty-fifth st and Portland av. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Francis Bobal, pastor. Residence [illegible] Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st., between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S. Moretti, pastor. Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the Immaculate Conception B. V. M.—N. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers 7:30 p m. Rev. P. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 497 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Corner Eugene and Hurlbut sts. Masses at 5:30, 6 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev. J. Leutte, C. SS. R., pastor. Residence 3 S Cleveland av.

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 15 Sibley st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster av and Osgood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev. Felix Guedry, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Hoyne av. and Ambrose st. Masses at 8 and 10:30 am; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. E. Weber, pastor Residence 168 Ambrose st.

St. Aloysius—Thompson and Davis sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10:15 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Thiele, pastor. Residence, adjoining church.

Church of the Immaculate Conception—2964 Bonfield st. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. P. L. Biermann, pastor, Res. 2964 Bonfield st.

Holy Trinity—Lincoln and Taylor sts. Mass at 8 a m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. D. M. Thiele, pastor. Residence 833 West Taylor st.

Church of the Annunciation B. V. M.—Paulina st. and Wabansia ave. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers and benediction at 3 p. m. Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, pastor; Residence 382 N. Paulina street.

St. Charles Borromeo's—Twelfth and Cypress sts. Masses at 6 and 8:30 a. m., high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. P. D. Gill, pastor. Residence 78 Cypress st.

St. Mary's of Perpetual Help—Lancaster and Thirty-second sts. Mass at 8 a. m.; high mass at 10. Attended from St. Adalbert's, Seventeenth and Paulina sts.

St. Stanislaus Kostka—Noble and Ingraham sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7:30, 8, and 9:30 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Vincent Barzynski, C.R. Residence adjoining church.

St. Joseph's—North Market and Hill sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a. m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. B. Dalwick, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 299 N. Market.

Church of Our Lady of Sorrows—W Jackson and Albany sts. Masses at 6:30, 9 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. A. Venturi, O. S., pastor. Residence 1408 W. Jackson st.

St. George's—Wentworth ave., bet. 39th and 40th sts. Masses at 8 and 10 a. m.; Christian duties and vespers at 2:30 and 8 p. m. Rev. G. D. Heldmann, pastor. Residence 3919 Fifth av.

Holy Angels'—354 Oakwood Boulevard. Masses at 6, 7:30, 9 and 10 a. m; high mass at 11 a m; Sunday school at 2:30 p. m.; vespers, instruction and benediction at 7:30 p. m. Rev. D. A. Tighe, pastor.

St. Boniface's—Noble and Cornell streets. Masses at 7:30 and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Clemens Venn, pastor. Residence, 84 Cornell st.

St. Wenceslaus'—DeKoven and Desplaines sts. Mass at 8 a. m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Joseph Molitor, pastor. Residence 187 DeKoven st.

St. Josaphat's Church—Belden and Southport aves. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 4 p m. Rev. K. Koslowski, pastor. Residence 228 Southport av.

St. Adelbert—Corner Paulina and W. Seventeenth sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Radziejewski, pastor. Residence 712 W Seventeenth st

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	True Value.	Our Price for this sale.
100 dozen Dinner Plates, each	20	10 cents
50 dozen Breakfast Plates, each	15	9 cents
100 dozen Cream Pitchers, each	25	14 cents
50 dozen Tea Cups and Saucers, each	20	9 cents
50 dozen Coffee Cups and Saucers, each	20	9 cents
20 dozen Gravy Boats, each	40	24 cents
10 dozen Covered Butters, each	75	49 cents
8 dozen 14-inch Large Chicken Platters, each	70	47 cents
5 dozen 8-inch Open Vegetable Dishes, each	35	19 cents
8 dozen Pickle Dishes, each	25	14 cents

100 dozen Pie Plates, each	11	6 cents
4 dozen Tea Pots, Large Size, each	$1.00	49 cents
6 dozen Sugars, each	75	39 cents
100 dozen Square Sauce Plates, each	9	5 cents
3 dozen Soup Tureens, each	$1.50	89 cents

7 dozen Covered Vegetable, each	$1.00	69 cents
3 dozen 3-pint Water Pitchers, each	65	37 cents

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ESTATE OF JOSEPH J. SULLIVAN, DECEASED—All persons having claims against the estate of Joseph J. Sullivan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of July A. D. 1892, being the 18th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, May 23, 1892.

CHARLES J. SULLIVAN, Administrator.

James McEnerney, Attorney.

DAVID L. LEAHY. JOHN T. RYAN

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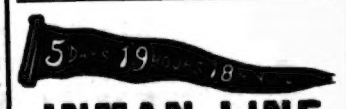

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